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The People's Press.

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The Lost Receipt Book.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

It was late in the afternoon; so late that the shadows were growing long upon the path; but yet Betty Muloch never stirred from her Boston rocking-chair at the fire-side, and her grand-daughter Annie, crouched listlessly on the door-sill, plating the strings of her apron, and looking into vacancy with her blue eyes.

Usually at that hour the two were busy—Annie in the field with her milk pail, and Betty at the oven, over the biscuit and sweet cake for supper. Idleness was not the failing of the family, and the maiden had never before been found sitting in the sun, listless as any Italian beggar for so many hours together, in all her lifetime. Some trouble was upon the house, or it would never have come to this with the Muloch's.

Tick—tick—tick went the kitchen clock, marking the silence, and seeming to be astonished by it. The very cat arose, purred, stretched herself, and walked about Betty in her chair, as though to say: "Why don't you get supper? Where's my milk—mew! Come, lazy folks, my milk." And doubtless Sukey, the cow, was equally surprised at the neglect, for soon she came calling to them over the paling fence as plainly as she could have done had she possessed a human voice and language.

When Betty heard that she turned her head. 'Come, Nannie,' she said, "don't let the dumb critter suffer. Go milk her, lass. And see how late it is. Lord knows I must a needed more trouble, or I'd not be took down so by it as to forget my duty.'

Annie arose, took her pail and stool, walked a little way along the path, and then dropping them both came back, and leaning her head against the door-post, burst into tears.

'I can't help it, grandma,' she said between her sobs. "Ah! it seems too bad. Grandfather that's been so honest all his life. 'Taint so much the going away, though *that's* hard. There won't be no other home like this. It's folks a talkin' so about him. Oh! 'taint no use bein' honest and puttin' trust in other folks. Cheats get along and good folks is put upon. I do wish I warn't a gal, but a great strong man. I'd go over to old Hardgrips and beat him to a jelly, but what I'd have the truth out of him."

"Du hush. 'Taint the way for a gal to talk," said the old woman.

'Who cares, granma? I don't. I seem to have ah that's right took out o' me. The Lord must a forgot us, or He'd not allow it.'

"Oh! hush. He never forgets, Nannie."

'And grand'ther. O grandma, he can't live over it. Seventy years o' good credit, and now to be called a liar and a cheat, and the heft o' folks believe it. He'll die on't grandma.'

"I am afraid he will. Oh! gal, you don't know; you're young. There is a spring in young folks' hearts that gives to trouble and flies back. There ain't none in old folks; theirs snap and break. Nannie, hear Sukey. Go milk her, and I'll make the mush and fry some bacon. Hunger comes in the worst o' trouble. I remember I was down hungry, when I came home from your ma's funeral, and she my only child, and my heart aching like 'twas bruised. Says I to 'parson, there's no need o' comfortin' me. There can't be no love or good feeling in me, to have an appetite such a day.' I hated myself for it Nannie. Says he, 'You've watched four nights and four days, with hardly a morsel between your lips. Its nature; you must eat and drink now, or die.' And I did. Oh! Nannie, sometimes I think on't and wonder how like as not your grand'ther will come home starved. I'll fix him a pot o' coffee; that's done quick, and he's main fond on't. Nannie, now milk Sukey, there's a gal."

So after a moment more of angry sobbing, Annie turned, picked up her pail, and did her milking; and by that time supper was ready; and over the fields came the old farmer, bent and grey headed, and sad as were the women folks on that Spring eve, though usually a merrier, more cheerful old man could not be found on earth.

He came for this once dolefully and wearily to the old gate. He opened it with a sigh, and trudged in.

Betty said, "Well Hiram," and he answered, well, Betty;" and no other word was said. Yet the old woman had spoken truth. The day's work had given him an appetite. He was worn out and ready for his supper. So they drew their chairs to the table, with the sunset light still in the room, and the shadow of the poplar creeping longer and longer over the path of the garden without; and as they did so, each wondered how much longer they should sleep and eat beneath that roof—so humble, but so precious to them.

The first cup of coffee was just poured out, when there came upon the path without the sound of a staff and in an instant more a knocking on the post of the open door; and as they turned, before them on the threshhold stood an old woman, dressed in black. On her head she wore a hood of quaint fashion; about her was swathed a shawl. In her hand she carried a crutch handle, on which she leaned rather heavily; and her voice rang sharp and shrill through the kitchen, as she said:—

'Good folks, I'm an old woman, and I've been walking more miles than I'm used to. I should like a bit to eat, if you're willing to give it to me.'

Annie, petulant with grief, and not like herself, looked at the applicant without answering, and then bent over her grandmother.

'Give her a bit at the door," she said. "We don't want strange folks staring us in the face.'

But the old man heard, and turned on her angrily:—

'The Lord has given me food and to spare, to-day," he said. "While I have it, I'll share with them that's poorer; and not as of they were dogs, neither. Come in, old lady, and sit up to the table, Mother, fetch a cup. Ef ye don't like coffee, she'll make ye a cup o' tea in a minute.'

"Thank you," said the old woman. "It's good enough for me. I'll eat what you have, and be thankful; beggars musn't be choosers, you know."

'Law, we don't call it begging to stop at a neighbor's for a bite," said Betty Muloch, filling the clean plate. "And if our manner wasn't pleasant, you must put it down to trouble. We've got a heap on't on us now, and an't like ourselves, 'specially the gal. Young folks can't bear up at first, though they get over it sooner.'

'Trouble,' said the old woman. 'Well the world is full of trouble. What is yours, friends? Death?"

"We hain't lost nobody for fifteen years. The girl's mother was the last,"

'Money, then?'

"It turns on money," said the farmer.

'It don't,' cried Annie, "No, grand'ther, I must speak. I can't keep it in. Don't think that old lady, It turns on lyin' and cheatin.' Grand'ther an't rich, but his honest money is enough for what he wants. Our trouble comes out of the black heart and cheatin' soul of Jackson Hardgrip. And I wouldn't care if he was here, or if the world was here, I'd say just the same. He ought to be hung. There an't nothing bad enough for such as him; and the rich old woman that believes him is as bad as he. Oh, you don't know. You sit there and see him, good and kind. Look at him. Does he look like a thief ?"

"No, not a bit," said the old woman.

"Like a liar?"

"No, my dear."

"Like a cheat?"

"I hope I look no more like one myself."

"And they call him all three. Jackson Hardgrip said those very words, standing in the middle of the room; and if I could I'd have knocked him down for it."

"Nannie, Nannie," cried the old man, "be still. You must excuse her, neighbor; but she sets stores by me, and I haven't been used right. I don't want to bother strangers with my troubles, but she's said so much I'll have to. You might hear of it too; and I'd like you or any body else to hear my side of the story. You don't know Jackson Hardgrip do you?"

"I do," said the old woman, "and a very honest man he seems; steady and sober; and goes to church I hear, as regularly as he goes to dinner."

"Ah!" sighed Hiram; "there's where it is, neighbor. He does seem honest. He is steady and sober. Nobody but me can p'int a fault in him. I can't expect to be believed when I tell folks he has cheated me, not I him."

He put his old, white head down on his hands, and hid his face and sighed. The old woman pushed her cup back and looked at him.

"Appearances are deceitful," she said. "People may be mistaken in Jackson Hardgrip. Perhaps I have been myself. Just speak up and tell me what he's done to you, if you don't mind wasting time on an old woman. You can't tell who may help you. A spider's web saved Mohammed, and the cackling of a goose saved Rome. Maybe an old woman may be of use to you."

"Tisn't likely, but thank you all the same," said Hiram. "You see the trouble here is about the house and land—not a great place, but a good deal to me. I've lived here, young and old, for fifty years. Betty and me was married only one day when I fetched her home, and that gal's mother was born here, and came home here to die, and down along side of the church you'd see three stones, if you cared to look, with the names of our children—two on 'em babes and one a gal of ten. It kinder makes a man love any place to have children born on't and die on't, neighbor. At first I hired it of the old gentleman, Mr. Hartman, in the big brick house on the hill. He owned all the land for miles, and took his rents himself. I got along first rate with him. He was kind and good, and nobody but loved him. But when he died, you see, he had only a darter to leave it to, and she was a real pretty, lively gal, that knew nothin' about business. So she put all that into Jackson Hardgrip's hands. She was a yonng woman then, and thought of anything else but her money. As for going to her about anything, that was no use, and after awhile she was married to a French gentleman named Delaroche—beautiful as a picter, but very delicate—and went away with him to live in France, where they say the climate is milder like. After that Hardgrip did exactly as he chose.

"I don't believe the lady ever got all he made off the property. Somehow he has saved up more than I can account for. But bless you, his books are all correct, they say, and what ever he's done he's kept covered up, so't no one knows on't. Maybe I'd not have thought on't only for what he's done to me. You see, after renting the place so long, I kinder hankered arter it, and so I goes to him, and says I:—

" 'Hardgrip, I'd like to buy my farm. I can't pay for't down, but I kin by installments. Dy'e think Mrs. Delaroche 'ud be willin'?'

"Says he in his short way:

" ' I'll write and ask.'

"He did. Next time I saw him he said she was agreeable.

"That was ten year ago. I was gettin' old, and felt I'd better make sure of a home. We worked hard for't. Times we'd sell every bit o' garden sass on the place to make up money. That gal—young thing as she was—picked baskets o' berries, and never tetched or eat one to help us along. I've said:—

'Take what fruit you want, Nannie.'

And she'd say—

'No; I'll get your farm first.'

So we saved and scrimped, and payin' fifty at one time, and a hundred another, paid it all at last, just three years ago.

Then we drew a breath, and jest sat down and cried together, we was so glad.

I had the receipt writ out in my big book, where I kept all o' them things safe, and that book laid locked up in my desk. T'other papers I fixed into the cover, under the lining. He knowed it. He seen me do it, did Jackson Hardgrip.

Since then I've been a happy man, and my wife a happy woman, until a month ago.

Then poor Mrs. Delaroche came back. She'd lost her husband in France, they said, and in the forty-five years she'd been away had grown old, like the rest of us.

It seems queer. I remember her a pretty young woman of five and twenty, and she's seventy. So's Hardgrip, and I'm older, and Betty lacks five years on't only. I thought of that, but not that the lady's coming home would touch me one way or the other. It did, though. Only for that I recon Hardgrip 'ud let me alone. He was afraid, then, and he came over to me one night.

"I sot there by the chimney smokin,' and when he come in I said—

'How are ye, Hardgrip? Hev a pipe?'

Says he—

'No, Muloch, but I want suthin' else.'

'What's that?' says I.

"A little money,' says he.

'I'll lend you what I have,' says I. 'How much d'ye want?'

Says he, 'What I want is three year's rent.'

I thought the man was crazy.

'Three years rent,' says he.

Says I, 'You pretend to forget this house is mine?'

'Eh?' says he.

'Ive paid you every cent,' says I. 'The last was paid three years ago. Why, Hardgrip, you haven't gone crazy, and you don't drink. I dunno what to think on you. I've bought the house.'

'Of whom?' says he

'Of you!"

'I never had orders to sell,' says he. 'Come, you are out of your senses.'

I went across the room when he said that, unlocked my desk, and put my hand in for my book, with the receipts writ and the papers in the cover. 'Twas gone!

My heart sunk in my boots. I called Betty, and sarched and sarched. But it had been stolen. The lock was forced. I don't say Jackson Hardgrip did it, but he knowed of it's being done. His face told me that. When and how it was done I couldn't tell, only Nannie, there, vows that one evening, when wife and I were off to a neighbor's she came in sudden, and saw a man creep out of the kitchen door in the dark, so that she couldn't see his face. But she says he was just the build of Jackson Hardgrip. Not that she'd have thought queer to have seen him out and out, for he was always stopping in odd times to have a talk.

"We had it hot and heavy, neighbor. He called me a cheat and a liar, and I called him the same. But I hadn't no redress. Lord help me! I ain't much given to talkin,' and han't said a great deal about the matter. Besides, I had only my word, and he has his books, with his writ in 'em, plain and fair. Lies that prove I paid rent regular 'till three years ago, and made it seem I left off then; but say nothin' about the money I paid for the farm and house—money we toiled and scrimped for—money, every penny of it in his pocket!

The end of the matter is, I must pay three years' rent, or leave the home I've bought so hard and dear. If I would do the first, I could not; and in my old age I——

The old man's voice broke down. The strange woman looked at him sharply. She rapped her cane on the floor, and shook her head.

A strange story, she said. Why didn't you go to the lady, Mrs.—what's her name?

Mrs. Delaroche, I went; she wouldn't see me. I wrote; she wrote back that she had never sold any of her property, and that her agent's books were in good order. Anyway, if I had the papers, the land wouldn't be mine. Only folks would know I was honest, and that would be a comfort.

So it would, said the old woman. The book would prove that. What was it like?

An account book, long shaped.

Can't you describe it better?

No, said the old man. It had a calico kiver. I never noticed it much. No doubt it's burnt or torn to bits.

There is one thing certain, said the old woman: Villains always overreach themselves. Murder will out; so will theft. Don't give up all hope yet, farmer.

The cover, said Betty, who had been communing with herself for five minutes—the cover was a bit like that spread in there; blue with a white star. I fetched it from home when I was married. Grandmother gave it to me.

The old woman got up, deliberately went into the bed room, and looked at the spread. It was so thin with age that it was almost transparent. She put a corner across her thumb and tore it off.

No knowing, she said; I might come across the book. Queer things happen in this world. I wish you well out of your trouble. And if you are honest you'll prosper. Honesty is the best policy.

And with this adage she tied on her hood, pinned on her shawl, and turned towards the door.

Betty stopped her.

Stay all night, she said; there is room enough. Stay and have a bit of breakfast in the morning. You'd be welcome.

Thank you, said the old woman; I have not far to go. And I have business to attend to. Never postpone until to-morrow what you can do to-day. And, remember the wicked never prosper, and truth is always proven.

So speaking, she trotted away, tapping the ground briskly with her staff, and vanished in the dusk of the twilight.

Poor old soul, said Betty, looking after her; she's childish, I believe. How could she find the book? She means well enough, and she is well spoken. I have no doubt she has seen better days.

Ah, we cannot tell who will come to begging before they die, sighed the old man.

Begging! cried Annie—nonsense. She is no beggar. She is too independent. I'll tell you what I reckon she is—a fairy godmother, like the one that came to cinderella. Seemed to me she would wave that staff of hers and change the house into a palace, and you into a king and queen, and me to a princess, and old Hardgrip to a toad. She will bring it right some how.

Massay on us! the gal has lost her senses! cried the grandfather.

No, it is them fairy tales, said Betty. Cindella! a deal better read Fox's Martyrs, or Watt's Hymns. Such folly! I am ashamed of you, Nannie. Husband, it is time for the chapter.

So the great Bible was opened and the chapter read, and a humble prayer uttered; and the old man and woman went to bed, to talk of their hard fate all night. And Nannie climbed to her attic room to cry herself to sleep, and to dream that the old woman who had supped with them that night was a benevolent fairy in actual earnest.

However, nothing came of it. Two days after old Hiram Muloch was served with a notice of ejectment. He had expected it, but it came hard at last. The women had wept before, but when the old man shed tears they dried theirs in affright to comfort him, it seemed so terrible. Then they sat down together to consult. What should they do? Where should they go? The old couple could scarcely reconcile themselves to the prospect of beginning life over. Annie had begun packing up The well saved dresses; the coat brushed so carefully and fine drawn in worn spots; the neatly darned stockings lay upon the bed, while the trunks stood open beside it. She was crying softly over them, when a knock came at the door. Running down to open it, she found a man there. She knew him in a moment as a servant from Hartman mansion. He looked at her curiously, but civilly.

My mistress, Mrs. Delaroche, desires Mrs. and Mr. Muloch to come to her at once, he said.

Annie stared at him.

To come to her?

At the mansion, Miss. With this he went away.

Annie took the message in to the old people.

I know some good will come of it, she said. I feel so sure I would stake my life. Oh, grandfather, take me along with you. I can't stay noways—seems as though I would die. I want to hear the good news so!

You can come, Nannie, said the old man. No hurm of that; but good to me! Bless ye no good can come. Ye see I have no proof—nothing but my bare word, and that rascal has his proofs, lies though they be, writ down. The lady may feel like giving me a chance, but she cannot.

But Annie would not listen to him.

Good is coming, she said; I am sure of that, and dressing herself in her best, as for a gala day.

An hour after the three stood, with throbbing hearts, at the door of the great mansion.

Old Hiram rang the bell, and waited. There seemed to be some bustle inside—there was a sound of talking, of tramping feet, a woman's voice shrill and high amidst the clamor. Then a sudden silence, and the door was opened. Before them lay the broad hall, carpeted with India matting, red and white. At the further end cowered a lank figure, guarded by two burly men in policeman's uniform.

About them gathered the servants of the house, agape with wonder, and in the midst a wyman, old and small of statue, clad in rustling silk, and leaning on a little staff. She turned as Hiram and the woman entered and advanced.

It was the old woman they had entertained—the strange old woman who had chatted so absurdly of helping them; but no longer dressed in dingy garments. Silk and velvet draped her form, jewels glittered on her hands. In her voice as she said, You have come, Farmer. I am glad to see you they heard the lady of the mansion. Hiram Muloch stood petrified with astonishment.

The lady came toward them laughing.

You did not know me, she said. No wonder. I am seventy now, and I was but a young woman when you saw me last. As for you, you are altered as much as I, for you are an old man, and I left you a rosy cheeked youth. Time is to blame for that—we cannot help it. You have not found your book yet, eh?

My book! Oh, no. It is to be found, said Hiram. I have not any proof of my word. I told my granddarter that jest now. No, it is not found.

You are sure? said the lady—very sure?

Hiram looked at her. A twinkle in her black eye, an odd pucker about her mouth, puzzled him. From her he glanced at the crouching form between the two policemen.

I have heard tell of repentance, he said; meby some enemy of mine has repented. I would let him go free; I do not mean revenge. I only want to lift my head afore the world an honest man.

The little old lady gave a shrill, weird laugh.

Repentance! she cried; do not look for repentance in that man. It isn't in him. Do not fancy Jackson Hardgrip has turned soft-hearted. But look, what is this?

A bit of calico, said Hiram, stupidly.

The calico! Oh, Mrs. Delaroche, you have found it, cried Betty. It is the cover of the book, Hiram.

Aye, cried the lady, and there is the book itself; and from her pocket she drew four tattered pieces of a blank-book, mouldy and soiled, with bits of chintz yet clinging to them.

The Fiend deserts his friends at last, she said.

See how clever yonder rascal was, and yet, instead of flinging that book into a pond or the fire, he hid it in the rubbish of my garret.

Poor fool—poor, wicked fool! All these years he has been swindling me, and I never guessed it; and he betrays himself at last by such a witless act. Farmer Muloch, you can prove your honesty, at least, and help me to punish the villain. And as for the farm, you have bought it, and it is yours. Why, if it was the only one I had, I would not take it from you. I would only ask to come there and be used as kindly as when you thought of me an old beggar-woman. I came to see what you were. That rascal called you a knave. I went away, knowing you were honest. I have proved you so. He did not fancy my eyes so sharp. Why, no man would have known the paper, but I saw the blue calico, with the white star, on the rubbish-heap at once.

She held out her wrinkled hands; Hiram grasped one, and Annie stooped down and kissed the other, while Betty sobbed aloud. Their hearts were too full for speech.

An hour after the Mulochs were at home in their old farm-house. The room, bright with fire and light. The table spread with good cheer. Annie, singing blithely, was unpacking the trunks and boxes, over which she had wept that morning. And the only thought that flung a shadow on their hearts was the remembrance of Jackson Hardgrip, lying that night within prisons walls. Their enemy, but now that he had suffered for his wrong-doing, an object of compassion, not of wrath, to those good people.

The Wandering Jew.

AN INTERVIEW WITH HIM.

Reports were floating about the city yesterday to the effect that the Wandering Jew had been seen over in Camden county, New Jersey. A reporter was sent over at once to hunt him up and to interview him if he should be found. After a somewhat protracted search, the reporter discovered a promising-looking person sitting on the top rail of a fence, just outside of Camden, engaged in eating some crackers and cheese.—The reporter approached him and addressed him at a venture.

"Beautiful day, Cantaphilus!"

This familiarity seemed necessary, because if the Wandering Jew has any family name, the fact has not been revealed to the public.

"Bless my soul, young man, how on earth did you know me?" exclaimed the Jew.

"Oh, I don't know; something about your appearance told me who it was. I'm mighty glad to see you, any way. When did you arrive?"

"I come on here yesterday. Been down in Terra del Fuego, where I heard about the Centennial, and I thought I'd run up and have a look at it. Be a good thing, I reckon. Time flies, though, don't it? Seems to me only yesterday that a man over in Siberia told me that you people were fighting your Revolutionary war?"

He sat upon the fence as he talked; his feet, cased in gum shoes, rested on the third rail from the bottom; his umbrella was under his arm; his face was deeply wrinkled, and his long, white beard bobbed up and down as he ate his lunch voraciously, diving into his carpet bag every now and then for more. The reporter remarked that he feared that such a liberal diet of cheese would disagree with the eater, but the old man said:

"Why, my goodness, sonny, I've been hunting all over the earth for seventeen centuries for something to disagree with me! That's what I yearn for. If I could only get dyspepsia once I might hope to wear myself out. But it's no use. I could lunch on a pound of nails and feel as comfortable as a baby after a bottle of milk. That's one of my peculiarities. You know nothing ever hurts me. Why I've been thrown out of volcanoes, lemme see—well dozens of times, and never been singed a bit.—Most always, in real cold weather, I step over to Italy and roost around inside of Vessuvius, and then, may be, there's an eruption and I'm heaved out a couple of hundred miles or so; but always safe and sound. What I don't know about volcanic eruptions, my child, isn't worth knowing. I went booming around through the air when Pompeii was destroyed. Yes, sir: I was there; saw the whole thing. Why, I could tell you stories! You wouldn't believe!"

"How do you travel generally?"

"Oh, different ways. I have gone around some in sleeping cars and had my baggage checked through. But generally I prefer to walk. I'm never in a hurry, and I like to take my own route. I'm a mighty good walker. I did think of getting up some kind of a pedestrian match during the Centennial, with some of your champion walkers; but it's no use; it'd only create an excitement.'

How do people treat you usually?

Well, I cannot complain. Snap me up for a tramp sometimes, or make disagreeable remarks about me. But generally I get along well enough. The undertakers are hardest on me. They say I exereise a depressing influence on their business by setting a bad example to other people. And one of 'em, over in Constantinople, he said a man who had defrauded about fifty-four generations of undertakers ought to be ashamed to show his face in civilized society. But, bless you, sonny, I do not mind them! Business, you know, is business. It is perfectly natural for them to feel that way about it; now isn't it a?

Will you have a cigar, after eating?

No; none for me. Raleigh wanted me to learn to smoke when he was in Virginia, but I did not care for it. You remember him, of course? O no; I forgot how young you are.—Pleasant man, but a little too chimerical. I liked Columbus better. Nero was a man who would have suited you newspaper people. Most always a murder every day; and then that fire in Rome, when he fiddled! Made a splendid report for the papers, wouldn't it? Poor sort of a man though. The only time I ever saw him was when he was drowning his mother. Dropped the old lady over and let her drift off as if he did not care a cent.

Talking of newspapers; how would you like to make an engagement as the traveling correspondent of the *Bulletin?*

Well, I dunno. I would not mind sending you a letter now and then; but I don't care to make any regular engagement. You see I have not written a great deal for about eighteen hundred years, and a man kind of gets out of practice in that time. I write such an awful poor hand, too. No, I guess I wont contribute regularly. I have thought sometimes maybe I might as well canvass for life insurance, or do a little work as a book agent, so as to pick up a few stray dollars. But I never had a fair chance offered to me, and I did not care enough about it to hunt it up, and so nothing ever ever came of it. I could make a good book fairly hum around this globe though, don't you think?

You might start in with 'Out of the Hurly-Burly.'

Maybe I might.

Were you ever married? Did you ever have a mother-in-law?

See here, my son, I never did you any harm, and what is the use of your bringing up such disagreeable reminiscences? The lady died in Egypt in 73. They made her up into a mummy, and I reckon they put a pyramid on her to hold her down. That is enough; that satisfies me.

Is your memory generally good?

Well, about fair that is all. I know I used to get Petrarch mixed up in my mind with St. Peter, and I have several times alluded to Plutarch as the god of the infernal regions. I am often hazy about people The queerest thing! You know that once in conversation with Benjamin Franklin I confounded Mark Anthony with Susan B. Anthony, and actually alluded to Susan's oration over the dead body of Cæsar! Positive fact. I will tell you how I often keep the run of things. I say of a certain event; That happened during the century that I was billous; or it occurred in the century when I had rheumatism. That is the way I fix the time. I did commence to keep a diary back in 184, but I ran up a stack of manuscript three or four hundred feet high and then I gave it up. Could not lug it round with me, you know.

I suppose you have known a great many celebrated people?

Plenty of them; plenty of them sir. By the way, did anybody ever tell you that you looked like Mahomet? Well sir, you do. Astonishing likeness! Now, *there* was an old scalawag for you? A perfect fraud! I lent that man a pair of boots in 598, and he never returned them.—Said that I would get my reward hereafter! I have regretted those boots for 1,300 years.

Did it ever occur to you to lecture?

Oh, yes; I have turned it over in my mind. But I guess I won't. You see, my son, I am so crammed full of information that if I began a discourse I could hardly stop under a couple of years, and that is too long for a lecture, you know. Then they might *encore* it, and so I hardly think I'd better go in. No, I will just trudge along in the old fashion.

Have you any views about the great questions of the day? Are you in favor of soft money or hard?

Young man, the advice to you of a man who has studied the world for nearly two thousand years, is to take any kind you can get. That is solid wisdom.

Why don't you locate in this country, and be naturalized and have your hair cut and run for something? One of the parties would put you up for Governor, maybe, after while.

Do not want it, my boy. What good does it do a man? There is old Bill Allen, of Ohio; I first met him in 1397, and he was laying his plans then for the Governorship. When he got it, what use was it to him? I would rather have a free foot and no worrying to do, than to be the greatest statesman on earth.

Have you been over to the Centennial Building yet?

Not yet. And, by-the-way, I want to mention to you that if anybody sends to the Art Exhibition from Peru that famous picture of St. Augustine, don't you place any confidence in it. I knew him well, and it is all a lie about his wearing a high hat and tortoise-shell spectacles, and carrying a revolver in his belt. I pronounce that picture a fraud; now mind me.

Then, as the old man babbled on, he descended fom the fence, shouldered his umbrella, and together the two started for the ferry. He said he wanted to buy a new suit of clothes. That suit he had on he had bought in 1807 in Germany, and it was beginning to get threatbare. So the reporter led him over the river, put him in a horse-car, asked him to send his address to the office, and the aged pilgrim nudged up into a corner seat, put his valise on the floor and sailed serenely out of sight amid the reverberation of the oaths hurled by the driver at an Irish drayman who occupied the track in front of the car.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Terrible Death.

A WASHINGTON YOUNG LADY DROWNED—STORY OF HER ESCORT.

A special to the Philadelphia *City Item*, dated Keokuk, Indiana, February 7th, says: "The funeral of Miss Belle Stevens, whose death resulted recently from drowning, was largely attended yesterday, and her sad death still remains the topic of discussion in this vicinity.—Among those present at the obsequies was Mr. B. J. Bird, her escort on the fatal evening, and whose escape from death was simply miraculous. Mr. Bird gave yesterday the following

PARTICULARS OF THE DISASTER:

"I accompanied Miss Stevens to a school exhibition, just across the river, and on our return home she bantered me to cross the river on the ice, instead of going around by the bridge. I hesitated and pointed out to her the danger we would be running, as the day had been warm, and I knew there must exist a number of wind holes in the ice. Miss Stevens laughed at my warning, and we finally started.

"After travelling a short distance over the ice, we came to a large air hole, over which there was a single piece of ice. I took Miss Stevens by the arm, and insisted that she should retrace her steps back with me, and go home by the way of the bridge. She released herself and started to cross the ice. I knew it would not hold both of us, so I waited until she had crossed before I ventured on the piece of ice.—When she was about half way over I heard the part, and with a shriek for help she went down. I jumped in after her, and caught her round the waist and held her head above the water, but the weather was so cold that both began to grow numb and lose consciousness. I begged her to keep her hold on me until help came, for which I was crying lustily. With one hand grasping the ice, that seemed to break at every touch, I held her up until I became unconscious.

"GOOD-BYE, IT WAS ALL MY FAULT."

"Miss Stevens begged me to save myself, and let her go, for there was no hope for her, and apparently gave up all hopes without a struggle. The water had benumbed her so that she became unconscious before I did, and her last words were, as she touched her ice-cold lips to mine, 'Good-bye, tell them at home it was all my fault,' and then sank heavily on my arm.—When I became conscious I found myself in a farm house in bed, and they told me that the young lady was dead. I subsequently learned that some men who heard my cries had come to my assistance, and found me alone and senseless, grasping on the edge of the ice. My hands and face, as you can see, were badly frozen. It was a terrible night, and I shall never forget it."

A WASHINGTON BELLE.

Miss Stevens was a highly cultivated young lady, and last season was one of the reigning belles of Washington society, where she was well known.

Formation of the Earth's Crust.

Prof. Lang, well known in the scientific circles of Europe, has advanced some opinions concerning the formation of the earth's crust, by no means in accord with those generally entertained on that subject. His theory is, that as the fluid mass cooled and crystalized, or solidified, there occurred immediately a sensible expansion, the specific gravity became a minimum, and the stone was therefore lighter than the original liquid. The compressions experienced in the cooling crust of the earth are, in general, he says, the cause of the phenomena of splitting and crushing observed among its strata; in fact, according to Prof. Lang, the expansion of the original liquid, as it solidified, predisposed in the mass a condition favorable to the phenomena of segregation, as shown in basalt and in various concretions. This opinion is maintained with much plausibility of argument and illustration.

In one of Tissandier's balloon voyages, he noticed that the ballast thrown out formed a perfect rain of sand which covered the party with dust. This he accounts for by observing that the balloon descending with increacing velocity may sink much more rapidly than the ballast, so that the latter may fall on those who throw it out.

Robbins' Speech on the Belknap Exposure.

[Congressional Record.]

Mr. Robbins, of North Carolina: Mr. Speaker, it is my purpose to occupy but a few moments of time. I have been so wearied with the physical labor and the mental strain of this investigation, day and night for several days, that I am in no condition to make a speech in regard to it, and I do not think any member of the American Congress has it in his heart to wish to say very much about this great shame. It is one of those things which we need to take pains to spread before the inquiring and censorious world to the common disgrace of all American citizens, but, if duty permitted, might rather veil it, as a reproach to the American name. We, of the Committee have expressed our ideas in the report and resolutions unanimously submitted by us. Those resolutions, Mr. Speaker, I hope, will be adopted unanimously.

It has been intimated that a question arises as to whether they are in order, and whether it is proper to impeach an officer who has resigned. I have not had time to look up the authorities, and am not prepared to speak to that question worthily, except to say this, that it certainly cannot be true that an officer who is being investigated and who has been found by the evidence to be a criminal against the laws of the land can flee from justice by any act of his own.

The results of an impeachment, Mr. Speaker, are twofold: One is to remove from office and the other is to disqualify from holding office hereafter. The removal from office is accomplished by the resignation, but the other portion of the penalty remains uninflicted.—Certainly it is within the power of the Senate sitting as a court of impeachment to impose that penalty, and the officer cannot escape it by hasty resignation, which is virtually a flight from justice. I shall not attempt to fitly characterize the manner in which that flight has been in this instance facilitated by the hasty acceptance of his resignation at such an untimely hour and at the last stage of the investigation. It is not necessary to dwell on that. It goes before the country. I would call the attention of the House to the cases of Warren Hastings and of Lord Francis Bacon, of whom the former was impeached and the latter received sentence, if I mistake not, after they had respectively ceased to hold the offices in which they had committed the crimes and misdemeanors for which they were impeached. And in the proceedings against Warren Hastings, if I am not mistaken, he is described in the articles of impeachment as the "late Governor General" of India. So that these great and remarkable precedents under English jurisprudence sustain the position which is so consonant with reason, that, when a man is found in office corrupt, dishonest, and especially as we have jurisdiction of him by investigation already begun, he cannot deprive us of that jurisdiction by attempting to flee and shelter himself under a resignation. That is the common sense of the case.—That, I think, is the law of the case. That is the reason of the case. And that is the view which should be followed in justice to the people we represent.

This is no time to allow easy escapes of men who are found guilty of these high crimes.—There is that degree—I do not speak as a politician, and will not do so in this case—there is that degree of corruption pervading the public service generally, there is that degree of suspicion attaching to officials in all their actions in these disordered times, that it is not right, that there should be any shelter here. This case should be probed to the bottom, tried by the highest court known to the country, and a just penalty meted out.

Sir, it is time that the officers of this country should learn that the Government was not made for the officers, but for the people. They ought to be made to feel that they are the servants, and not the masters, of the sovereign people of America; and that, when this great people finds itself shamed and disgraced and outraged by such conduct as has appeared here, an officer guilty of such conduct should be brought to the bar of the high court of impeachment, and there tried in the name of the people, and an adequate penalty inflicted, that the officers of this country may learn that when they commit crimes the arm of the people can reach them and punish them however they may attempt to hide themselves away.

Let us, if American precedents are not clear on this question, make a precedent which shall be clear to those who shall come after us. In this extraordinary case let us make a notable example, and do what in us lies to stem the tide of official speculation and plundering and malfeasance which deluges the land, sapping the very foundations of our liberty, bringing disrepute upon popular institutions, and almost making a mock of all faith in human integrity.

Medical Quacks.

The amount of money paid to medical quacks in this and other cities every year, is much greater than is supposed, and the ingenious ways in which large sums are extorted from their frightened dupes should be better understood, not only by those in danger of becoming their victims, but by the officers of the law.—We recently became cognizant of a case which, although flagrant and cruel to the last degree, is no worse than hundreds of others occurring every day in the dens of these thieves, scattered through some of the less frequented streets of the city.

A gentleman, who had in his employ a young man of industrious habits and upright character, recently called upon us and stated that he feared the young man had fallen into the hands of a quack in the city, who was taking all his earnings, and endeavoring to fleece him of every dollar of his property. He had solicited the loan of $700, which he confessed he desired to pay a French doctor (?) who proposed to cure him of a dangerous disease. The gentleman desired us to aid him in attempts to save the victim from the clutches of the quack; and, as he had been unable to influence him, proposed that we allow him an interview.

This we did, and learned that the young man really had no disease whatever; that, fancying that he was sick from reading the advertisements in a newspaper, he called upon the advertising doctor, who after thumping his ribs and "sounding" him with a stethoscope, pronounced him "far gone" in consumption. He had already been taking his nostrums six months, paying large sums therefor; but at the last visit to the great French doctor he had discovered another disease, which he could not undertake to cure for less than $1,000 cash in hand. As a special favor to him, however, he would cure the malady for $700 in advance; and this sum he was endeavoring to raise by mortgaging his little property, and rendering himself almost penniless. The quack was very urgent, telling him that "death stared him in the face;" and that if he did not raise the money at once, and commence with his medicines it would soon be too late.

The young man, of fair intelligence, was completely deluded and thoroughly frightened by the artful quack, and it required much skill and effort to undeceive him. It is indeed strange that persons possessing a common school education can fall into such a trap; and yet there are thousands bound hand and foot to those miserable quacks, who, operating through their fears, are extorting from them every dollar they possess. The sums taken are often very large, and the iniquity is of no mean proportion. To detect and punish those offenders is a difficult matter; but it does seem that some plan might be devised by which the cities and large towns should be rid of a class of impostors more dangerous and unsparing than midnight robbers.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1876.

☞ The indications now are that Congress will cut down the entire appropriation bills over thirty millions of dollars.

☞ We notice some of the State papers are recommending the thorough cleaning up of towns, as it would make the places more attractive and healthy. Let our citizens begin in time and clean up.

Our valuable mineral spring has been shamefully neglected, and only a little concert of action with a small amount of money would make that place of resort pleasant and agreeable.

THE COLORED RACE.—A body of colored men called at the rooms of the National Democratic Committee recently in Washington with a statement that they, as representative men of their race, were opposed to a further massing of the colored vote in favor of any one party, and that they were especially opposed to further oppressing and injuring their white fellow-citizens of the South.

The colored people will find out, sooner or later, that the native white people of the South are really their best friends. Politicians have been using them about election time but care nothing for them afterwards.

The flight of Marsh, implicated with Belknap, is damaging to all concerned. The guilty only flee.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE.—There are serious charges pending against Dr. Howerton, the Secretary of State, he being accused of overcharging the State for purchases of stationery for the departments and different counties. We have, as yet, seen no reply from Dr. Howerton to these charges, he having been absent from the State.

The Salisbury *Watchman* learns that President Grant will not attend in Salisbury on Decoration Day, after all said and done.

THE SAME OLD TRICKS.—A despatch from Montgomery, Ala., March 11, states, that the United States Marshals have in the last four days arrested a number of citizens of Jefferson and Blount counties charged of acts committed six years ago. The men arrested have not been away from their homes during the past six years. The officials refused to take bond and hurried them off to Huntsville. It is supposed that this is the renewal of the plan pursued in 1874, when there was a State election. The election this year comes off in August.

FROM WASHINGTON.

BLAINE OUTMATCHED.—TUESDAY'S DEBATE IN THE HOUSE—HOW LAMAR HANDLED HIM.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—At length Mr. Lamar secured the floor, and spoke about half an hour, putting the question in its proper light and completely demolishing Mr. Blaine. He showed that to summon a member of a committee before a court was a gross breach of the privileges of the house. In this position he was supported by George F. Hoar, who had said that if the gentlemen who went to the court today in response to the subpœnas were members of the British house of commons they would be arraigned for contempt of the house for obeying the summons at all. In the case of Belknap, it is not so important, he said, that he shall be convicted in a criminal court and sent to the penitentiary, as that he shall be impeached, and thus made an example of for all future officers. If the papers in the possession of the committee were delivered to the court, they might not be forthcoming when wanted in the impeachment case. But this was not the strongest part of Mr. Lamar's argument. The republicans were clamoring for the indictment of Mr. Belknap and his punishment by the court. Mr. Lamar showed that neither the committee nor the house had any evidence that could be used against Mr. Belknap either before a grand jury or in open court. Mr. March's confession to the committee that he bribed Mr. Belknap, when testified to by members of the committee, is sufficient to indict and convict Marsh, but it is no evidence against Mr. Belknap. The only result of obeying the subpœna *duces tecum* would therefore be to secure the indictment of Mr Marsh and not of Mr. Belknap; but no one who desires to see justice done would do anything to bring about such a result. Just at this time, he said, what is most desirable is to protect Marsh, so that he will not be afraid to come back to Washington, in order that his testimony may be used against Mr. Belknap, not only in the impeachment trial, but to convict him in the criminal court. That is what the natural effect of Mr. Lamar's resolution, supplemented by the bill to be reported by the judiciary committee, will be.

Mr. Lamar also completely worsted Mr. Blaine on another point. The latter had made one of his characteristic attacks on Mr. Bright for speaking of a judgment of impeachment as punishment. He said it was simply a measure of protection, and sneered at Mr. Bright's knowledge of law. He quoted that clause of the constitution which provides that no one shall be twice punished for the same offence. Mr. Lamar quoted from an opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States to show that tribunal has held that disqualification imposed by impeachment is punishment, and, of course, Mr. Blaine could not have a word to say.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Washington Items.

March 10.—The Senate has up the bill for the admission of New Mexico into the Union.

The wine and spirits association have a committee before the Ways and Means Committee arguing in favor of a reduction tax to 50 cents.

The Privileges and Elections Committee by a small majority agreed to report favorably on Joint resolution electing the President more directly by the people—the States shall be divided into Districts equal to the number of representatives; each District counting one vote for President, and the candidate receiving the highest number of votes in a State shall receive two additional votes.

Randall reported the Legislative and Executive Appropriation Bill. It reduces estimates eight millions.

Professor Silliman testified that he received five thousand dollars in advance and twenty thousand dollars on the conclusion of his services for the Emma Mine which occupied him between six and eight months.

Washington dates of the 11th indicate the basis of one of the largest investigations of the session. The war, post office, justice and interior departments are involved.

Judge Taft was qualified Secretary of War and assumed the duties of his office.

Pendleton and Boynton are in Washington, and were to be examined Monday.

On the 13th, District Columbia affairs principally engaged the attention of the House.

The examination of Mr. Pendleton before the House Committee on war expenditures, was postponed until Tuesday.

The Executive session of the Senate to-day was wholly occupied in the discussion of peace policy and the existing system of appointing Indian agents on the nomination of the clergy.

Tornadoes in the West.

CHICAGO, March 11.—A tornado passed today from Quiney to the northern part of Iowa. In Hazel Green, Wisconsin, a town of one thousand inhabitants, mostly miners, twenty buildings were totally destroyed. The number of killed are nine. Many are fatally hurt.

ILLINOIS.—The Quincy (Ill.) *Whig* says on the night of the 10th, a hurricane came from the southwest and struck Elizabethtown on the Missouri and Kansas railroad about four o'clock. Seventeen houses were prostrated and five persons were killed and several injured, some fatally. At Hasson on the same road three dwellings and the railroad depot were blown down but no one was injured. Damage to timber and fences great. It is thought further reports will show much greater loss of life in neighborhoods not heard from.

ST. LOUIS, March 12.—The accounts of the tornado which passed over part of northeastern Missouri on Friday say the little town of Shrinkey in Monroe county was entirely demolished, and two persons killed and twenty wounded, some seriously. At Kensaler Station on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Rail Road two children were carried away by the storm, and have not yet been found. The wife and child of Allen Johnson residing four miles from Hannibal were instantly killed. The destruction of houses, barns, outbuildings, fences, stock, grain, &c., has been very great. The tornado was about two hundred yards wide.

Heavy Storm in England.

LONDON, March 13.—The storm of Sunday did much damage at Portsmouth, Tweymouth, Dover, and other seaports. 600 vessels took refuge in the Downs.

The storm extended to the Continent. The Telegraph wires in the north of France are prostrated and communication between Paris and London interrupted. Telegram from Pesth to *Daily News* says the waters of the Danube show no signs of subsiding.

The distress is increasing. A large dam has burst, and fifty thousand additional acres of land on which are several villages, are inundated.

Heavy frost occurred in Memphis and thin ice formed on the night of the 12th.

A New Swindle.

Police Superintendent Walling, of New York, received letters from P. C. Sperry & Co., of Bryant, Ohio, and D. D. Beebe, of Hudson, Ohio. Each inclosed a letter from W. H. Parker, 712, Broadway, giving a list of prices of groceries. The letter is written on a paper bearing the printed head "W. H. Parker, wholesale dealer in groceries, 163 Market street." In the right hand corner is the word "Philadelphia," with a blank for the date, but the penmark is drawn through this and "New York, Jan. 15th, 1876," written under it. After an injunction of secrecy, the writer says he has an uncle of the name to which the letter is addressed, who went West years ago, and he indulges in the hope that the receiver of the letter is that person. He goes on to say that after doing business sixteen years in Philadelphia, he failed for $26,000. His creditors refused to grant him an extension, and were so mean that he determined to swindle them. This he did by shipping to New York $9,000 worth of his stock. Although suspected nothing was proved against him, and he wants to turn the goods into cash as speedily as possible so that he can spend the winter in California for the benefit of his wife's health. The goods are offered at 15 per cent. below market rates, so that they may be sold rapidly, and one-third allowed to the seller. The cash is asked for every sixty and ninety days. The letter closes with an affectionate inquiry whether the person addressed is in California.

Detective Keely learned that a room at 712 Broadway, inscribed "W. H. Parker," was hired and frequented by a man named Matthews. The detective found a young man there addressing envelopes. Matthews soon entered, and Keely took them both to police headquarters, with a large quantity of letters from all parts of the country, and the envelopes which the young man had been at work upon. The prisoners described themselves as P. R. Matthews, and M. H. Douglass. Their plan was to send worthless packed boxes by express, C. O. D.—The letters seized had been received in response to an advertisement offering a book called "Kwaint, Kneer and Karious," for two postage stamps. This device served the purpose of supplying Matthews with postage stamps, and the addresses of fools whom he could tempt with other schemes.

NAVY DEPARTMENT FRAUDS.

A GRAB OF $750,000 IN THE REMOVAL OF THE PHILADELPHIA NAVY YARD.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7.—The *Times* of this city to-morrow will publish a column article concerning what the Committee on Naval Expenditures will do here to-morrow. Below is an abstract of the information. The committee say they have received information which shows that half a million dollars has been lost to the Government through the favoritism shown contractors in the removal of the old navy yard. In the first place it is charged that the contract for the removal of the whole of the buildings at the yard was given to Nathaniel McKay of Boston, who, it is charged, contracted to do the work for $35,000, and attempted to buy off those persons who underbid him; that among other transactions scow loads of valuable material, including copper, were ostensively taken to League Island, but really taken to a warehouse where it was stored. One boiler, valued at $13,000, was returned to the authorities; that a raft of valuable timber was taken from the yard and stored at Simpson's Wharf, and when the owner of the wharf informed Commodore Preble, a detail of men were sent to bring it back. The modus operandi of the speculations showed that large piles of copper were made, then covered with old iron, and the whole sold as of the latter material. McKay's agents were on hand and purchased the whole lot cheap. There are further relations which will be made before the committee which have not yet become public.

RUFUS S. BYNUM was elected Solicitor of Ellis County, Texas, at the recent election.—He is the son of B. F. Bynum, Esq., of Stokes County, and emigrated to Texas, a few years since.

Way freight and passenger train on Harper's Ferry Branch B. & O. R. R., in crossing a bridge was wrecked and eleven persons were killed and quite a number burned and otherwise injured, Monday night.

Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia, has just graduated 156 doctors.

NEW YORK, March 13.—Daniel Drew, a well known Wall Street operator has gone into voluntary bankruptcy. Liabilities $600,000.

Charges have been made at Jefferson City, Mo. against Assistant District Attorney H. B. Johnson, accusing him of accepting fees from the Whiskey ring and furnishing the ring with information.

ORDINATION.—The *North State* says that on Sunday the 12th instant, Bishop Lyman, Episcopal church, ordained Mr. W. S. Bynum, only son of Hon. W. P. Bynum, to the order of Deacons, in St. Barnabas Church, Greensboro, of which church Mr. Bynum takes charge.

THE DISGRACE OF GEN. BELKNAP.

THE SHOCK OF DISCOVERY.—COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

The leading daily papers indulge in extended editorial comment on the exposure and impeachment of Secretary of War Belknap, the spirit of which is indicated by the annexed extracts:

The New York *Tribune*, Republican, says: "The news of Belknap's fall was not such a shock as such a discovery would have brought five or six or eight years ago. For—let us confess it with shame—President Grant has dropped us by easy stages to these depths of shame. He has parentheized in history eight years which will be marked hereafter as the era of personal government and the period of greed; eight years of such official corruption and dishonesty, such selfishness and shamelessness, such low aims and base purposes, such grasping avarice and eager over-reaching, such speculating in official information, such bribery and such barter and sale of offices, and such degradation of all things which the nation has held to be high and holy and worthy of honest pride, that today the country hangs its head and holds its nose and waits for this administration to pass."

The New York *Times*, Republican, says: "It would be absurd to regard the guilty trafficking of Secretary Belknap as a mere misfortune for the administration, or a ground of reproach against the Republican party. It assumes the character of a national disgrace, and as such touches the American people without distinction of politics. The good name of our government has been smirched in a place where it has heretofore kept its honor clear. Apart from the direct guilt of his offense against morality and public virtue, Gen. Belknap must bear the additional odium of being the first to break down public confidence in the personal integrity of the President's official advisers. The Secretary of War has not been unjustly attacked; it may, then be possible, people will say, that the accusations against some of his associates are not baseless libels after all."

The New York *Herald*, Independent, says: "Whether the acceptance of Belknap's resignation really protects him from impeachment is a question on which opinions will differ; but there is no room for question that the purpose of the President was to bar an impeachment and assist a confessed criminal to flee from justice. This bold attempt to shield a guilty officer from the legal consequences of his crimes makes the President a moral accomplice in the guilt of Belknap. The downfall of Secretary Belknap means the ruin of the Republican party. It is only another of the many streams of corruption and folly that have flowed from the present administration and from the party now in power."

The New York *World*, Democratic, says: "The revelation of Belknap's crimes brands not the government of President Grant alone, but the fair name and fame of the American people, as with the red hot iron of the old prison hulks of England and the modern galleys of France. It is horrible to be obliged to print such a story. To attempt for a moment to turn it to partisan uses would be to insult the dignity of the American people. Though it humble us in the dust, we must have the truth to-day. Whatever hearts it may break, whatever households it may crush, we must have justice, speedy, condign and complete, upon every servant of the people, who, under whatever influences, has proved false to his great trust, and 'paltered with the eternal God' not for power only but for pelf.

The New York *Sun*, Independent Republican, after reciting the history of Belknap's fall, and arguing that he is no worse than others who are still in office, concludes:

"If Democratic institutions are to be saved at all, this country, the people must rise up in burning indignation and not merely drive these persons from power, but expel this system out of Washington and out of the country. A republic whose government is a den of thieves cannot stand."

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, Republican, says: "It is a development before which the most inveterate searcher after official malfeasance and corruption must shrink back in distress and consternation. It is a development about which men may well feel more like putting on mourning than indulging in cries of exultation. If without personal guilt, he cannot fail to be the subject of the deepest commiseration, yet still his sufferings will be intense. Whether innocent or guilty, such a man with such antecedents and surroundings must, in his present situation, suffer more than twenty Tweeds would suffer in twenty years. If guilty, every man who prizes the honor of his country, and who would uphold the efficacy of her laws and strive to maintain purity in the government, must say let the law take its course.

Forney's Philadelphia *Press*, Republican, says: "The vulgar lust for riches is the besetting sin of the day, and this morning the whole country will be startled by another terrible illustration of its working and effect. Belknap, the soldier with the simple manners and hard fare of the camp, was a man who deserved well of his country; Belknap the honest rural official of Iowa, with his accounts promptly squared to the dollar, was a contented and honorable citizen; Belknap, the public man of Washington, is—well, let every man, as his own sense of honor prompts him, finish the sentence. It is a startling commentary on our social life that nearly every case of official corruption developed during the last year—every crime done, every bribe taken—has been to gain the means to support a short season of vulgar social extravagance. It is not drink, it is not gaming, it is not licentiousness, which drags down one after another of our public men in this time. It is—terrible truth!—their wives and daughters."

The Philadelphia *Enquirer*, Republican, says: "We have heard of frauds that drove a Cabinet officer from his place 'under fire;' we have had bribery, perjury and general corruption in the revenue service, overwhelming men who stood high before the country, and we have seen a minister at a foreign court consorting with swindlers, and selling the weight of his name to be used in their villainous enterprises. All this was bad enough and disgraceful enough, but the crowning horror was yet to come. It fell like a thunder-clap yesterday, scattering dismay over the whole country.

These are samples of press comments from different parts of the country, and irrespective of party, as they have come to hand since the scandal was exposed. It is evident that the disgrace of Mr. Belknap has filled the whole country with shame and indignation; but, we lament to say, the wretched story has surprised few persons who have studied Grant's administration. As the New York *Herald* well says, "if the case of Secretary Belknap were a solitary instance of criminal malversation a generous and magnanimous country would hold the President guiltless and regard him as merely unfortunate in the choice of one of his confidential advisers. But so indulgent and forbearing a judgment is impossible when General Belknap is merely a sample of the men by whom President Grant has been surrounded. The country has not forgotten that other members of the Cabinet have been forced into retirement by charges against their honesty, although the evidence against them has not been so conclusive as to extort confessions of guilt like that which has been made by General Belknap. Attorney General Williams was compelled to resign by unrefuted charges of spending public money for the laudulets for the private use of his wife and misapplying the funds of his department for electioneering uses in the Southern States. Secretary Delano was driven out of the Cabinet by unrefuted charges of corruption in connection with Indian supplies. Secretary Richardson was kept in the Treasury Department until public indignation forced him out, and the country was then scandalized by his appointment as one of the Judges of the Court of Claims, in spite of grave and unrefuted charges against his integrity. Postmaster General Creswell resigned with a reputation which was far from clear, and Secretary Robeson remains, although the honesty of his administration has been assailed on grounds which had as great a color of probability as any which have been heretofore alleged against the Secretary of War. * * * *

* * The downfall of Secretary Belknap means the ruin of the Republican party. It is only another of the many streams of corruption and folly that have flowed from the present administration and from the party now in power How can we fail to draw the inference that is seen in nature, science and history that when the river is poisoned the poison is most likely in the scource. * * * * It is a question whether the whole Cabinet should not resign. The administration is rotten, and millions of people who did not believe so yesterday are convinced of it to-day. The confession of the guilty Secretary of War is a revelation. He could not have been guilty of the crimes he has confessed and remained undiscovered in a Cabinet that was pure. It is a day of judgment. The political heavens are rolled together like a scroll and are consumed with fire; vainly the wicked call on the mountains to overwhelm them and hide them from the wrath to come."

HON. W. M. ROBBINS, of Statesville, N. C., will deliver the Annual Address before the Literary Societies of Wake Forest College, next June.

Published by Request.

THE DEAD SISTER.

RECITED BY TILLY HARMON & ALMAY GRIFFITH, *At Close of Kernersville Public School. Friday, March* 10th, 1876.

T.
Oh Winter is the jolliest time we have in all the year,
'Tis then the snow and sleet comes down,
And covers all so bare.
But we can have great roaring fires,
And play indoors all day;
Old Winter is the gayest season,
Don't you thind so, Almay?

A. Of all the seasons in the year,
I like Springtime the best;
And May, it is the sweetest month,—
Sweeter than all the rest.

T. But don't you like December,
Then Christmas comes, Almay.
The happiest time in all the year,—
Our Saviour's natal day.

A. Well, just before the Christmas-time,
My mama gets so sad,
And all at home are sorrowful,
Tillie, I can't be glad.
A long, long time ago,
I hardly can remember,
I think the earth was robed in snow,
I know 'twas in December,
They took my own dear sister
And put her far from me;—
Far, far beneath the sod and snow,
Where her I'll never see.
They told me Jesus called her
Far, far above the sky.—
They say she is with the Angels,
And has her home on high;—
I wonder if the angels
All over this earth can see?
I wonder if Lizzie watches
O'er brothers, and sister and me?
I think 'tis she that whispers,
When I'm not doing right:
Remember, dear little Almay,
You are in the great Lord's sight.

T. Oh Almay, don't, please don't,
It makes the tear drops start
To think of our own dear Cora,
And my poor Ma's aching heart.
And oh it is so lonely since my own sister's gone,
She was so kind and gentle, a sunbeam in our home,
Sometimes I wonder why she's gone?
But Pa says, God knows best;
He took her from all sin and grief,
Home to an endless rest.
Do *you* think *we'll* see our sister
In that country out of sight?
Will we meet them in that better land
Where never comes a night?

A. Yes, Tillie, They are watching for us now,
In their beautiful, beautiful home,
They'll wait on the banks of the river,
Watch and wait till we come.
Tillie, don't lets disappoint them
By living a life of sin;
And then when we reach the pearly gates,
Hear the words, "You cannot come in."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

STATE ITEMS.

From the Durham Tobacco *Plant:*

The most of the fruit in this part of the State is thought to be killed.

In Durham there are six planing machines that are kept running and these do not supply anything like all the dressed lumber that is used.

By actual count there are in Durham 440 houses. Estimating six persons to every house, which is a fair average, the population of Durham will not fall short of 2,640. In 1868 the population did not exceed 200. At this time, notwithstanding the great depression in every branch of business, it is almost of daily occurrence that some family moves.

The Asheville *Expositor* says: Several valuable mica mines have recently been discovered in Swain and Clay counties, and the parties are preparing to work them immediately. We have been told that Gen. R. M. Henry was offered by a Northern party the sum of $10,000 in cash for the use of a mine discovered on his lands for eight months only, which was refused.

Is your life worth 25 cents? If it is do not neglect a cough or cold. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at once.

The Shelby *Banner* says that a few days back a citizen of Cleaveland, Mr. James Bridges, lost two of his youngest children about the same time—so near that both of them were buried in the same coffin.

The Morganton *Blade* says: One of the colored convicts at work on the Asylum met with a horrible death last week. They were hauling some very heavy logs up a steep hill, when the wagon overset as he walked beside it and one of the logs fell with its full force across his body killing him instantly. He spoke but once.

The Courthouse at Snow Hill, Greene county, was burned last week, and nearly all the county records, books and papers were destroyed.

The Charlotte *Observer* says: On Saturday the 15th of January last, a woman in this city (we withhold the name) gave birth to a child, and on the following Wednesday, the 19th of January, she was delivered of another—both fine healthy children. This last birth made the twentieth child of which this woman has become the mother. This statement can be substantiated at any time.

Walhalla (S. C.) *Courier:* George W. Swepson, of North Carolina, has bought the shoals on Conneross, known as the Taylor property, and expects to have a manufactory established there. The property has been incorporated under the name of the Seneca Manufacturing Company. A Bank has also been chartered for Senoen.

We see that the First National Bank at Salem has brought suit in the U. S. District Court against the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad on a negotiable note for two thousand and seven hundred and fifty dollars.—*News.*

A CLEAN SWEEP.—The Charlotte *Observer* says that out of 100 criminal cases at the present term of Mecklenburg Court, Solicitor Montgomery has lost but two. This is a high compliment to professional skill and energy. This is a good year for building railroads, and the same paper adds that the Sheriff takes down sixteen to the Penitentiary to have them regularly enrolled as laborers.

Roe shad are selling in Wilmington at 75 cents per pair and other kinds at 37½ to 50 cents.

The missing Tailor of Wilmington has been found drowned.

Information reached Charlotte of the tragic end of Wm. Ray, a citizen of Ashe County, who does a good deal of trading there, and is well known in the trading circles. It is stated that on Sunday the 5th inst., a crowd of men with whom he was at enmity, went to his house and attacked him, cutting his throat from ear to ear. Cause unknown.

The Salisbury *Watchman* says: Old Jim Locke, colored, and Pleasant Barringer, a young man of respectable standing got into a dispute at Trexler's sale on Friday last, when for some words given, Barringer struck Locke in the face. Jim's son Bill was standing near, and made a pass at Barringer with a knife, and cut a gash of about five inches in length in his abdomen. Barringer has since died and the murderer has escaped.

From the same source we learn that Sol. Brown, colored, known in Salisbury as the coachman of the late Michael Brown, fell from an oak tree, which he was trimming, Monday last, and sustained injuries which resulted in death on Tuesday.

GENERAL NEWS.

The first white child was born in Iowa thirty-six years ago, and is now living. To-day there are over 500,000 Hawkeyes by birth.

The Pacific railroads have received from the Government $64,000,000 and 220,000,000 acres of land.

Ohio supports 116,000 dogs. Georgia, with less than one-half the population, has 350,000. More dogs than voters.

Gen. Babcock, although a very poor man a few years ago, and according to the St. Louis jury innocent of any complicity with crooked whisky, has managed to become proprietor of of $132,000 worth of real estate.

Green peas from Florida sell in New York at $4.50 and $5 per crate, and cucumbers at from $5 to $6 per dozen. Strawberries bring from $4 to $5 per quart.

The daughters of Sir Edward Thornton, the English Minister at Washington, wear thick-soled shoes, plain unpinned-back dresses and heavy old-fashioned cloaks. And they are pictures of health.

Since the 1st of December over seventy Northerners have settled in South Carolina, principally in Spartanburg, Greenville, and Anderson. One of these is worth $60,000, another $10,000, and nearly all have some money and good trades.

The *Woman's Journal* says that Mrs. Margaret Boggs celebrated her hundreth birthday at Germantown, near Philadelphia, two weeks since. Her maiden name was Donaldson, and she married at seventeen, eighty-three years ago. She danced a minuet with George Washington when she was eighteen and he was sixty-two years.

Extensive lead deposits have recently been discovered about four miles from Springfield, Green county, Missouri, in a section where the mineral wealth was not supposed to exist until within the past few months. The galena is found in horizontal veins in the third magnesian limestone. One shaft is turning out 3,000 pounds of mineral per day.

A SPECK OF INDIAN WAR.—NEW YORK, March 9.—A special dispatch says, "about the time the Indians drove off horses and Custar from the city of Wyoming on the 4th, an emigrant train near Pleasant Valley was attacked. Every able bodied man in that section has been enrolled, and a mounted party of whites, sixty ty in number, started at once in pursuit of the red skins who retreated in the direction of the Red Cloud agency. There is great excitement and trouble is anticipated all through the Black Hills.

The Athenæum has record of a most valuable manuscript which has recently been discovered in the Azores. It refers to the colonization in the year 15,000, of the northern part of America by emigrants from Oporto, Aveiro and the Island of Terceira. It was written by Francisco de Souza in 1570. Barboza Machado states that it was lost during the great earthquake of Lisbon in 1755. This most important document is about to be published by an erudite Azorian gentleman, and is expected to throw great light on the disputed question of the early discovery of America.

The annual Spring floods are already troubling the people who live in the localities subject to inundation, and both in this country and Europe the rise of the waters is causing great suffering. In Germany and Hungary the freshets are particularly severe, the telegrams reporting that the Elbe has burst the dykes near Magdeburg, and half the district of Barby is under water. Hundreds of people are homeless, and the Danube, the Vistula and other rivers of less note in different parts of Germany, are still rising, and the probabilities are that a large loss of property and life will result. The floods in this country will not be so great this season as formerly, because of the great scarcity of snow during the winter, but the Mississippi and its tributaries already threaten trouble, and in the lowlands of Arkansas and Mississippi the loss is considerable from the cause.—*Review.*

Quite a number of old people were burned to to death and injured by the destruction of an Asylum for the poor at Williamsburg, N. Y.

Orville Grant testified he had no contract or authority from Belknap relative to the post tradership, though he was instrumental in procuring one. Never conversed with Durfee & Peck about the matter, he never had any interest in post tradership, he is a partner in Indian tradership at Standing Rock. He has a third interest; has drawn 1,100 dollars as profits; also is interested in Indian post tradership at Fort Peck; put no money in; procured the post from Commissioner Smith; had no arrangement to control Indian sutlerships for the Interior Department. Never made application for any of these posts to the President. If he had such letter, he had destroyed it. Don't remember having shown it in Orange N. J., think the President wrote him, there were some vacancies the witness being an applicant for the first position. He had only one letter from the President on the subject. Drew $2,000 from Layton, partner in the Fort Peck Indian store-keepership. Layton furnished all the money. Drew $1,000 from Mr. Raymond at Fort Beaufort for allowing him to remain at Post, witness having tradership there also, and giving Raymond monopoly.

On the other hand the St. Louis *Times* charges that Orville Grant was interested with Belknap.

EGYPTIAN AND ABYSSINIAN WAR.—LONDON, March 13,—*Alexandria, Egypt, March* 12th, 9.45 p. m.—On Wednesday night last, the Abyssinian army crossed the river Decassa Dekka and attacked the entrenched camp of the Egyptian army, when severe fighting took place. On Thursday the Abyssinians were repulsed and retreated to Adowa. King Kasso, the Grand Vizier, six chiefs and 5,000 Abyssinians are reported to have been killed in the trenches.—Prince Passan and General Loring escaped unhurt. Rhatib Pascha was wounded. The Egyptian losses were heavy, but the victory complete.

FRANK LESLIE, at his Mammoth Publishing House, 537 Pear Street, New York, issues seventeen bautifully illustrated newspapers and magazines. Mr. Leslie was the first in the United States to undertake the publication of a weekly illustrated newspaper, and to him belongs the honor of being the publisher of the "Oldest Illustrated Newspaper in America." The person who secures the agency for these publications for this vicinity, and will give our citizens an opportunity of inspecting the several issues and copies of the eight magnificent chromos the choice from which is given with a subscription to either of the Illustrated Weeklies, will have a handsome and profitable employment. These papers are well known, and sell readily for from 10 to 15 cents on news-stands, and are now first offered through agents to annual subscribers, with a valuable chromo, which to all lovers of art, is alone worth more than the subscription price. An annual subscriber to the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER receives during the year 832 newspaper pages. Folded to the size of a large octavo book the subscriber would have 3,328 pages, equal to seven octavo books of ordinary size, say 480 pages each, and one half of these pages would contain fine engravings, and for the centennial year will make the most accurate and valuable Illustrated History of the National Jubilee published. We advise our readers, after they have subscribed to the PRESS to secure one of Frank Leslie's illustrated periodicals, and with it the beautiful chromo.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected by R. A. Wommack & Co Dealer in General Merchandise.

Corn,	70	a 75	Salt	1 40	a 1 50
Wheat,	1 10	a 1 20	" American,	0 00	
Flour,	2 75	a 3 00	Candles ada.	18	a 20
Meal,	2½	a 0	Oils, Linseed,	0.00	a 1.25
Chop,	2	a 2	" Kerosene,	22	a 30
Bacon	13½	a 18	Sheetings, Fries' B,	8	
Pork,	0 00	a 9 00	" " A	8½	
Lard,	12½	a 15	Yarn, Fries.	0 00	a 1 15
Eggs,	00	a 10	Iron,	5	a
Molasses.	28	a 40	Nails,	4½	a 5
Cheese Fac.	18	a 25	Calf Skins, green,	10 cts.	
" Mount.	15	a 20	Tallow,	8	a 10
Butter	25	a 00	Beeswax,	28	a 30
Peas,	80	a 00	Clover Seed,	$11 00	a 12 00
Apples, green,	1 25	a 2 00	Home grown;	0.00	a 0.00
dried,	4	a 10	Barrels Flour, Fruit		5 0
Potatoes, sw.	60	a 65	Brick,	7.00	a 00.00
" irish,	50	a 75	Shingles,		
Coffee,	22	a 30	Longleaf pine,	4.50	a 5.50
Sugar,	8	a 15	Hay, per cwt.	60	a 70
" crushed,	15	a 18	Rags,	2½	a 3
Dried peel., peach.,	12½	a 22	Butter Beans,		13
" unpeel ½ "	6	a 8	Dried Cherries	18	to 20

Oats, scarce, 60 cents.

WINSTON TOBACCO MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY AT BROWN'S WARE HOUSE.

Lugs, Common,	$ 3 00 to 4 00
" Good working,	4 00 to 5 00
Fillers Common	4 50 to 6 00
" Good	6 50 to 10 00
Smokers Common	5 00 to 7 00
" good	7 00 to 10 00
" fancy	10 00 to 18 00
Wrappers Common	8 00 to 12 00
" good	13 00 to 20 00
" fancy	25 00 to 61 00

Danville Tobacco Market.

Primings	1 50 to 2 00
Lugs—Very Common,	3.00 to 5.00
" Medium,	5.00 to 7.00
Fine Smokers,	8.00 to 16.00
Leaf—Common,	4.00 to 6.00
" Good	7.00 to 10.50
Wrappers—Medium,	10.00 to 20 00
" Fine,	15.00 to 25 00
" Extra,	25.00 to 50 00

Richmond Tobacco Market.

BLACK.	
Lugs—Common	$ 2 00 to 3 00
Good	4 50 to 5 00
Extra	6 00 to 6 50
Leaf—Common	4 00 to 6 00
Medium to good	7 00 to 10 00
Fine	12 00 to 14 00
BRIGHT.	
Lugs—Common smokers,	6 50 to 7 00
Medium to good smokers,	8 50 to 15 00
Fine to Fancy	17 50 to 22 50
Leaf—Common fillers	6 00 to 7 50
Good fillers	8 00 to 10 00
Fine fillers	11 00 to 13 00
Wrappers—Common	10 00 to 15 00
Medium to good	15 00 to 25 00
Fine	30 00 to 50 00
Extra	80 00 to 115 00
MAHOGANY.	
Wrappers—Common to medium	12 50 to 20 00
Good to fine	25 00 to 35 00

Fayetteville, Feb. 30.—Bacon 13 a 16 Flour, $6.00 a $6 75; Corn 0 75 a 0 00; Oats 00 a 60; Rye, $1 00; Wheat, $0 00 a $0 00 Lard, 16 a 18; Brandy, $2 00; Whisky, corn $1 50 a $1 70; rye, a $2 00 a $2 25; Salt $0 50 a 1 40; Salt 1 25 a 1 35.

Charlotte, March 2.—Bacon 12 a 16; Flour, $3 00 a $3 25; Corn, 75 a 85; Oats, 60 60; Wheat, $1 25 a $1 35; Brandy, Apple, $2 00 a $2 50; Peach, $2 50 a $3 25.

NEW YORK March 2.—Flour $4 90 a $5 75; Corn 64 a 72; Oats 35 a 48; Gold 14 a 14¼.

BALTIMORE, March 2.—Flour, quiet; wheat steady; corn 52 a 57.

NEW

HARDWARE STORE

IN THE

GRAY BUILDING,

South-East Corner Court House Square.

WINSTON, N. C.

S. E. ALLEN



ANNOUNCES to the public that he is now receiving and opening a full and complete assortment of

HARDWARE AND House Furnishing Goods,

which he is offering at prices as low as any house in the State.

MY GOODS ARE ALL NEW.

Bought directly from Manufacturers and importers, under peculiar advantages, and shipped directly to this place. I have Hardware for the HOUSEWIFE, THE FARMER, THE BUILDER, THE CARPENTER, THE BRICKMASON, THE WAGON MAKER, THE COACH MAKER, THE UNDERTAKER, and all others, and invite the public to call and examine my stock & prices.



☞ Merchants and others wishing to make wholesale bills are requested to give me a call.

NOTICE.

SALEM, N. C. March, 8th, 1876.

On the 3d of April next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., I will sell at public auction, for cash, at the door of the First National Bank of Salem, N. C., A HOUSE AND LOT AT TRINITY COLLEGE, Randolph County, N. C., known as the property of John R. Webster, to satisfy a mortgage deed made by said Webster to me.

I. G. LASH,

Cheap! Cheaper!! Cheapest!!!

JUST RECEIVED A CHOICE LOT OF NEW STYLE PRINTS, best quality at 8½ cents cash.

J. L. FULKERSON.

March 7th, 1876.

LOCAL ITEMS.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.

Salem, N. C., Post Office Arrangement.—Office hours from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. during the week. As no mails arrive or depart on Sunday the office wil not be open on that day.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING THE MAILS

Railroad, from Greensboro to Salem, closes every day, except Sundays, at 7, a. m.; due every day except Sunday, by 6.30, p. m.

Mount Airy mail, *via* Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Little Yadkin, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek: closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 30, a. m.; due, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 3, p. m.

Madison mail, *via* Sedge Garden, Germanton and Walnut Cove, due, Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 5 p. m.; Closes, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 30 a. m.

Jerusalem mail, *via* Friedberg, Miller's Mill, Elbaville and Fulton: closes every Wednesday at 6, a. m. due, every Thursday, 7, p. m.

Jonesville mail, *via* Mt. Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains East Bend and Booneville: due every Friday, by 7 p. m.; closes every Saturday, at 6, a. m.

Walkertown mail, *via* Salem Chapel, White Road, Belew's Creek Mills and Blakely: closes every Friday, at 4 30, p. m.; due, every Saturday, by 7, p. m.

Huntsville mail via Clemmonsville, Lewisville and Panther Creek, closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 30, a. m.; due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.—Notices will be published in our local columns at 20 cents per line, every insertion, for regular customers who have standing advertisements in the PRESS. Otherwise, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

OBITUARY NOTICES.—All obituary notices and tributes of respect, over ten lines, will be charged at advertising rates. Terms cash.

A GOOD GARDEN.—Remember, the foundation of a good garden is good seeds, in the first place, and good culture afterwards.

AT ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE, you will find *all fresh and reliable* SEEDS. No old stock on hand, remember that.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITION AT EDEN SCHOOL HOUSE, on last Saturday, was largely attended, over 600 people being present. Mr. W. S. Fishel is well known as a good teacher, and conducted the exercises remarkably well. The stage was large, and very neatly decorated. The scholars performed their parts well, and reflected credit upon their teacher as well as themselves. The day was fine and everything passed off well. The Waughtown String Band furnished good music.

STORM.—In the neighborhood of Lewisville, in the Western part of Forsyth county, on Tuesday evening the 7th inst., a heavy gale of wind unroofed the new barn of Mr. Ed. Dull and an outhouse on the premises of Wm. Warner, and blowing down fences and trees.

Near Friedberg, in the lower part of this county, a similar gale damaged buildings, blew down fences and uprooted trees, lasting only a short time.

CONCERT, Thursday & Friday Night.

PROGRAMME.

1. CHORUS WITH ORCHESTRA.—He Watching over Israel,.....MENDELSSOHN.
2. FOUR PART SONG.—In the Forest.
3. ORCHESTRA.—Harmonia Galop, FISCHER.
4. ECHO GLEE.....FAUSTNER.
5. ORCHESTRA—Dew Drop Waltzes STRAUSS.
6. GLEE—Oh Switzerland,.....ABT.
7. ORCHESTRA—Amarillis Gallop....KRAKAUER.
8. CHORUS & ORCH.—Prayer from Moise, ROSSINI.
9. FOUR PART SONG—Song of the Lark, MENDELSSOHN.
10. ORCHESTRA—Anvil Polka.....KOPPITZ.
11. GLEE—Hie thee Shallop!.....KUECKEN.
12. ORCHESTRA—Cecilian Galop.....GROSSETH.
13. FOUR PART SONG—Farewell to the Forest. MENDELSSOHN.
14. ORCHESTRA—Blue Danube Waltzes, STRAUSS.
15. CHORUS & ORCHESTRA—As the Hart Panteth. MENDELSSOHN.

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE SALEM AGRICULTURAL WORKS.—Mr. C. A. Hege, the proprietor of Salem Agricultural Works, has recently erected a large building near his foundry, which is to be used as a machine shop on the first floor, and a wood-worker's shop on the second. He has also built a dam across the little stream near by, to secure water, and has made arrangements to use water-power in connection with steam, for propelling his machinery.

We noticed several other improvements going on at this place, among which is the sidewalk near his warehouse. It is being fixed up in a substantial manner, and when completed, can be passed over without any *skirmish drilling*.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL at Cold Spring, A. G. Whicker, teacher, will close with an Exhibition on Saturday, March 25th.

No spirituous liquors will be allowed to be sold inside of the land belonging to the school-house.

Why ought A. M. Jones, the sewing machine man, to be appreciated by young ladies?

Because he can furnish them all with a good sewing machine and a "feller."

We notice that Mr. A. E. Welfare is remodeling his Photograph Gallery building, by lowering the floor nearly on a level with the street, and making a new front.

BE CAREFUL.—In the neighborhood of Samuel Alspaugh, on Muddy Creek, this county, a small colored boy, some 18 months or two years old, was walking along holding to the skirts of his mother, who was carrying a bucket of lye;—the mother turning suddenly hit the child's chin with the rim of the bucket, spilling some lye into the child's mouth, causing his death in a short time.

The *strains* of music, intermingled with a noise like the rumbling of an earthquake, that are heard on Tuesday and Thursday nights of each week, in the neighborhood of "Happy Hill," are produced by the colored Band, while practicing. A little more music and less drum beating, would make it more agreeable to those who have to bear the infliction.

Our worthy night-watchman never imbibes the ardent, and his head is always level, but he is seen every dark night going around hugging the lamp-posts.

Shipments

of Tobacco and other articles from the Salem Depot, during the month of last February:

300,419 lbs. Leaf Tobacco, at 8 cts.,	24,033 52
36,719 lbs. Manufactured, at 50 cts.,	18,359 50
Total,	42,393 52

92 lbs. Eggs, 60 dozen per barrel,
18 bbls. Whisky,

Besides Bacon, Flour, Leather, Fries' Cloth, Butter, Hay, and numerous other articles.

Over 300,000 pounds tobacco passed through one warehouse, in the month, sold principally to manufacturers.

A team of horses attached to a wagon became unmanageable in front of the Merchant's Hotel, in Winston, one day last week, and ran into the pavement, dragging the driver, who was endeavoring to stop them, with them, and for a while it looked like he would be badly hurt; but Mr. Pfohl, one of the proprietors of the Hotel, stopped them before any serious damage was done. It was a narrow escape.

LARGE FERROTYPES.—H. A. Lineback informs us that he is prepared to take plain Ferrotypes, for half the price charged by the Agents who take orders for the tinted Ferrotypes said to be copied at Washington, D. C.

PREMIUM SALE.—The proprietors of Lash's Warehouse inaugurated the completion of the new addition to their house on last Friday by a grand Premium Sale, in which premiums to the amount of $200 were disposed of to the farmers, consisting of bureaus, sewing machines, agricultural implements, &c. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather for stripping tobacco, the sale was a success, 38,769 lbs. being sold, at prices that gave satisfaction.

The following is the list of premiums awarded by the committee, for which we are indebted to the kindness of a friend. It is but justice to say that the house had nothing to say in the award of premiums, as it was done by a committee of gentlemen, experienced tobacco men, selected for that purpose:

WINSTON, N. C., March 10, 1876.

We, the Committee appointed to award the premiums given by Lash's Warehouse this day, have the pleasure—after examining the different parcels on the floor for sale, to report the following:

2nd Premium.—Cook Stove, to W. L. Saunders, Sandy Ridge, N. C.

3rd.—Double set Harness, to C. C. Inman, Westfield, N. C.

5th.—Riding Saddle, to Pepper & Sons, Danbury, N. C.

7th.—Corn Sheller, to W. G. Meadows, Wilson's Store, N. C.

8th.—Watt Plow, to Ferner Wilson, Kernersville, N. C.

9th.—Fine Hat, Bridle, Andirons, 1 set Chairs, to Wiley Kiger, Bethania, N. C.

1st, 4th and 6th premiums were withdrawn for want of tobacco of the proper description to award.

Yours, Respectfully.
HAMILTON SCALES,
T. BARBER,
JOHN HAYNES,
C. HAMLIN,
F. G. SCHAUM,
D. R. BURTON,
J. A. PENN.

The shrill notes of the willow whistle are now heard on our streets.

We hav'nt seen the street candy manufacturer yet, but we saw a boy coming down Main street the other day who had been patronizing him quite liberally, judging from the swarm of flies that was skirmishing about his face.

Surry County.

We glean the following items from the Mt. Airy *Watchman:*

Maj. John W. Rawley has purchased his former residence, and will embark in the mercantile business, in Mt. Airy.

A horse runaway with Masters Walter Davis and Walter Taylor, in Mt. Airy, doing no material damage, but scaring the boys very much.

On the night of the 8th inst., the horses attached to the Salem stage took fright and ran down street below Mr. Brower's store before they were stopped,—no damage.

Stokes County.

From the Danbury Reporter.

Mr. Joyce is tearing down a portion of his dwelling, with the view of enlarging the building.

Mr. Estes has bought the Lash or Prather house and lot from Mr. Vaughn, the late owner.

The Board of County Commissioners met last Monday and transacted the usual routine of business, and in addition granted retail liquor license to J. Fulton at Sauratown, and George Dodson at Sandy Ridge.

The Board levied the county taxes for 1876 same as last year, which will make State and county together $1 on the $100 valuation of property, and $3 on the poll.

J. W. Spainhour, an efficient member of the Board, tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and Wm. H. Schaub was appointed to fill the vacancy.

We regret to learn that our friend Spainhour will shortly remove to Iowa, to join some of his children in their western home. Good luck to him.— EDS. PRESS.

We are informed that in the neighborhood of Red Shoals there are eight families in which have been born sixty-four children, and there are yet fifty-three living. What other neighborhood of the same number of families can beat it.

W. A. K. Tomlin, late teacher of a public school in Quaker Gap township, appeared before the Board of School Examiners, on last Monday, to answer to the charges of securing a certificate by fraud, and of immoral conduct. The investigation resulted in sustaining the charges, and Mr. Tomlin's license was revoked from the 17th of January last.

The public schools in Stokes county have all closed for the want of funds.

☞ We learn that some of the boys in this community are carrying pistols, and that one recently pulled out his weapon and pointed it at a *smaller* boy to frighten him. The parties are known, and if they do not mend their ways, generally, may come to grief, unexpectedly.

We learn that E. T. Clemmons, of Asheville, formerly of this place has obtained for the next four years over thirty mail routes, including the route from this place to Mt. Airy.

FIRE.—The wood on the train caught fire Tuesday night, and, but for timely discovery, might have done considerable damage,

Kernersville Letter.

MESSRS EDITORS:—For several weeks past I saw notices in the *Press* of the closing of Free Schools in various parts of the county, and as you seem to take a laudable interest in such matters, I thought I would write something in reference to the closing exercises of Kernersville Free School, taught by Miss Floy Rights, assisted by her mother. It continued for five months, and closed on last Friday, March 10th.

Mr. Israel Kerner had kindly tendered the use of his spacious warehouse for the occasion, and all the available seats that could be procured were brought into requisition, and they were needed.

The course of instruction embraced Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, (Oral and Written,) English Grammar, Geography, History, and Composition, and the examination proved that the scholars had made considerable progress in the above named studies. The School Committee and the parents expressed their approbation and satisfaction at the course pursued, and congratulated the young teacher in the result in this her first effort in imparting instruction, and becoming a co-worker in the cause of *Common School Education*, (notwithstanding certain hints *that it was rather a low calling.*) The highest number of children in attendance was 86 and the lowest number, for a few days of extremely bad weather, was 31.

The exercises of the day, apart from the examination, consisted in recitations and dialogues, interspersed with music on the organ, and the parties, as a whole, performed their parts well. The dialogue prepared for the occasion, "The Days of 76," was appropriate, and to gratify the curiosity of a little girl who wanted to know how the people looked and were dressed in those days, there suddenly appeared upon the stage a veritable pair of "old time folks," dressed *ala mode*. The man with three cornered hat and knee-buckles, and the woman in costume to match, being really a respectable looking pair. But the best thing was the "Dead Sisters," by two little girls, seven years old, Almay Griffith and Tilly Harman.—During the recitation, I saw strong men bow their heads, and tears coursed down their cheeks.

The valedictory was by one of the scholars, Mr. James Fuller, a grand-son of the late Philip Vogler, who lived near Friedberg, a young man of a fine mind, and he acquitted himself well.

By the way, your next door neighbor, the Rev. William Turner, was there; but where he came from, and how he got there, no one knows. He must have some process of rendering himself invisible; certain it is, some of us knew nothing of his whereabouts, until the entertainment was over, and we saw him vanish out at the door. We regretted it, as we would have been glad to have had him say something, which no doubt would have been to the purpose, as he is an old veteran in the cause of Common Schools, having been a teacher for a number of years.

In conclusion, Professor Bass, who has lately come here to take charge of the District Conference School, upon invitation came forward and made some well timed remarks upon what should constitute the laws of a true education, mentally and morally. After which we closed up for the day. At night we again met, the house was filled, and everything passed off well, and every one, so far as we know, went away well satisfied. The teacher gave notice through a friend, that she would begin a Summer School in the vestry-room of the Moravian Church, on the first Monday in May, being the first day of the month.

The other day, in passing from Salem to Winston, I passed by the Public School House near the line, and probably the same house in which 32 years ago, I taught a Free School.—The house stood then on the old "Opitz" place. I felt a curiosity to go in, and was very cordially received by the truly gentlemanly teacher, Mr. Messer. I apologized for my intrusion, finding him surrounded by about 60 children, and all as busy as bees, but they were not the children that I was accustomed to meet; another generation is coming on to crowd us out and take our places. In looking over that well filled house of youngsters, I came to the conclusion that the world was not near to an end yet, on the "Shaking Quaker" principle. I thanked Mr. Messer for his courtesy and left with an invitation from him to call again, which I mean to do. I think he is the right man in the right place. C. L. R.

Kernersville, N. C., March 13th, 1876.

MARRIED,

On Thursday last, by Elder Wm. Turner, at his residence in this place, Mr. BENJAMIN F. HESTER to Miss MARY E. SMITH.

In Lexington on Thursday the 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the residence of R. S. Adderton Esq., by Rev. Dr. G. W. Dame, of the P. E. Church, Mr. T. S. WELFARE, of the firm of Hege & Welfare, and a native of this place, to Miss MARY J. WILSON, of Danville, Va.

We acknowledge the receipt of the printer's fee, in the shape of a very nice large cake.—May the happy couple fare well and enjoy a long life of matrimonial blessedness.

Remember This.

Now is the time of the year for Pneumonia, Lung Fever, Coughs, Colds, and fatal results of predisposition to Consumption and other Throat and Lung Disease. BOSCHEE' GERMAN SYRUP has been used in this neighborhood for the past two or three years without a single failure to cure. If you have not used this medicine yourself, go to your Druggist, Dr. Thomson and ask him of its wonderful success among his customers. Two doses will relieve the worst case. If you have no faith in any medicine, just buy a Sample Bottle of Boschee's German Syrup for 10 cents and try it. Regular size Bottle 75 cents. Don't neglect a cough to save 75 cents.

COME AND BUY. NOT WITHOUT MONEY.—In order to raise money to promptly pay a heavy surety debt, I propose to offer FOR A TIME, my large and desirable stock of Goods at COST, in such quantities as CASH buyers may desire. Come and avail yourselves of an opportunity which I trust will prove a mutual benefit.

Respectfully Yours,
Salem, N. C., Feb., 7th 1876. J. L. FULKERSON.

GOOD THINGS from the Largest Clothing House in America.

Selections may be made from a large lot of Samples for Men and Boy's Clothing.

Measures will be taken, and orders forwarded to Wanamaker & Brown, by

J. L. FULKERSON, Ag't., Salem, N. C.
Oct. 14th, 1875.

PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE,

WINSTON, N. C.

Has the BEST LIGHTED SALE-ROOM of any Warehouse in town.

IT WAS THE FIRST HOUSE TO REDUCE CHARGES. THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES OBTAINED.

1,-3m. M. W. NORFLEET, Proprietor.

☞ **GRAVE STONES.**—Persons wishing Grave Stones lettered before Easter, will please apply, without delay, to

W. T. VOGLER.
Salem, N. C., Feb.17, 1876.

IF YOU WANT FULL VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY GET BEST GOODS of
J. L FULKERSON.
Jan. 6th, 1876.

LOT NEW CALICOES just received at WOMMACK & CO'S.

Having received the Measures and Weights from Raleigh, I am ready to seal all weights and measures.

R. A. WOMMACK,
Standard Keeper.

PATTERSON & CO. Keep a well selected line of
STAPLE CARPETS,
HEMP AND GRASS MATS,
OIL CLOTHS
TABLE LINEN AND NAPKINS.

They will soon add to their stock a line of WINDOW CURTAINS, bought of A. T. Stewart & Co., in elegant designs and at very low prices.

They correspond with large wholesale houses in the Northern cities that furnish Carpets, Oil Cloths and Curtains of any style or finish, and any order can be filled in a few days.

They keep also an assortment of the new and popular PAPER WARE.

Their's is the only house in this part of the State that can furnish BURIAL CASES, and BURIAL ROBES, the latest and handsomest garments for enrobing the dead.

IMPRROVE YOUR HOMES.
ORNAMENTAL PLANTS
OF
EVERY DESCRIPTION.

During the Spring months, attention should be given to the decoration of Home Grounds.

Kelvyn Nursery, at Pittsboro, N. C., offers a very full and varid stock of EVERGREENS, ROSES, FLOWERING SHRUBS, ORNAMENTAL SHADE AND LAWN TREES, BORDER PERENNIALS, and the most select varieties of FLOWER SEEDS and BULBS.

We send the following collections:

20 Packets Flower Seeds,	(per mail)	$ 1 00
3 Roses,	"	1 00
10 Bedding Plants,	"	1 00
12 Evergreens,	"	5 00
6 Flowering Shrubs,	"	1 00

Plans for Improvement made in full, Greenhouse and Hothouse Plants, in prompt supply, at low rates.

Mr. JOHN H. SHULTZ is the authorized Agent for Salem, and will deliver any orders. Address for catalogues, C. B. DENSON,
Pittsboro, N. C.

We offer all the rare evergreens suited to our climate, in every variety of size and style. References given in all portions of the State.

March 2nd, 1876.—No. 9.

FRESH SUPPLIES
—AND—
RARE BARGAINS.

WITHIN THE PAST TEN DAYS, we have added to our already large and varied stock of goods, the following:

Fresh Supply of best Brown, "C," Extra "C," and Cut Loaf Sugars.

A FINE LINE OF RIO COFFEES,

Both Green and Roasted.

In addition, we keep a superb article of ROASTED COFFEE, put up handsomely in 1 lb. papers.

Also, choice MOCHA COFFEE, the most delicious of all Coffees.

Royal Baking Powders,

BATH BRICK, 10 cents each, the best cleanser of household steel-ware.

A new invoice of those famous

LADIES' SHOES,

made by C. H. ROYAL, formerly ROYAL & READ.

PAPER WARE, of different kinds.

A nice selection of

NEW PRINTS,

NOTIONS, BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS, CAMBRICS, &c.

CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON, reduced to 80 cents per dozen,—single spools 8 cents.

COATS' SPOOL COTTON, 80 cents per dozen spools,—single spools, 8 cents. Of the latter we are expecting 500 dozen, direct from the Agents.

COATES' LINEN THREAD, on spools, a very superior article.

Our whole line of

Fancy Dress Goods,

comprising many desirable styles, and of the best makes, is offered at

10 PER CENT. BELOW COST.

In every instance the exact cost will be stated to the customer.

Such goods as may have been carried over for two seasons, will be sold at

25 PER CENT. BELOW COST.

We thus offer to the citizens of Salem, Winston and the surrounding country

RARE BARGAINS.

Since the hard times have set in, ***Prints*** are not so good as formerly, and therefore a WISE ECONOMY dictates the purchase of better material, so that the labor and expense incident to the present elaborate make up of dresses, may not be thrown away.

PATTERSON & CO.
Salem, N. C., Feb. 17, 1876.

LAND FOR SALE!

I Will sell at the Court House in Yadkinville, on the **10th Day of MARCH next,** several tracts of valuable land, to wit: One tract of

128 ACRES,

known as the BINKLEY land, lying above Conrad's Ferry road, adjoining Dr. Kinyoun and Mrs. Elizabeth Conrad. Also one tract known as the STEWART LANDS, containing **251 ACRES,** adjoining Isaac Jarratt and others. Also one tract known as the WILLIAM RANDOLPH LANDS, Containing **181 Acres,** adjoining the above mentioned Stewart lands. Also one tract of 90 acres, adjoining the above lands on the north. Also one tract of Wood land containing 25 or 30 acres, adjoining the Binkley lands, Mrs. E. Conrad and Dr. Kinyoun. Also four town lots, in Yadkinville, and one-half lot in East-Bend, the other half owned by A. Horn. The greater portion of these lands are well adapted to the cultivation of Tobacco, Corn, and Wheat. TERMS: One-tenth cash, and the remainder in Six Months. Title made when the purchase money is paid.

E. A. CONRAD, Executor.
February 17th, 1876. 7-4w.

FARMER'S HEADQUARTERS
THE OLD RELIABLE
BROWN'S WAREHOUSE!

The Proprietors would remind their friends and patrons that they

Defy Competition and all Combinations.

That their House is being ENLARGED to accommodate their greatly increased business, giving them a LARGER FLOOR BY 2,000 SQUARE FEET than any house in Winston.—That they will have

Fourteen Large Sky-Lights, with Ten Doors for Unloading.

That their LOT HAS BEEN ENLARGED AND IMPROVED, and shall be equaled in convenience by none.

Will always gladly welcome you and extend every attention possible, and continue to

Guarantee the Highest Market Prices, Promptness and Accuracy.

Your Friends, Truly,
Nov. 18, 1875. T. J. BROWN & CO.

GOOD AND CHEAP GOODS!

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

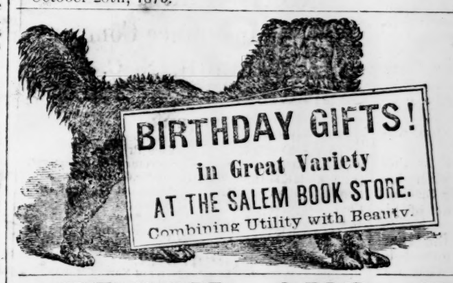
FALL AND WINTER, 1875

R. A. WOMMACK & CO.

Call attention to their complete stock of **GENERAL MERCHANDISE,** which they are determined to sell at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Don't fail to call and examine their GOODS. They are determined to please.
October 28th, 1875.

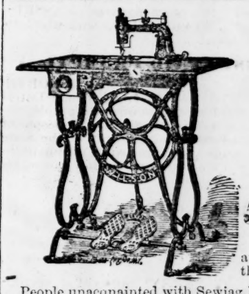


CHOICE BOOKS *FOR* **PRESENTS** At the Bookstore.

FRESH AND RELIABLE GARDEN SEEDS,

AT

Zevely's Drug Store.



THE "WILSON"
IS THE
MACHINE
THAT IS SOLD FOR
50 TO 55 DOLLARS,
and is warranted to do a greater variety of work, in a better manner, than any sewing machine in the world.

People unacquainted with Sewing Machines are urged to believe by Sewing Machine Agents that it impossible to sell as good a machine for fifty dollars as they are selling for sixty-five dollars. Do not believe it. Do not take the *advice* of an *interested party*, but *examine for yourself, then you* will be satisfied that a first class Sewing Machine *can* be *sold* for fifty dollars, with all *attachments free.*

Besides the Grand Prize awarded to the Wilson Shuttle Machine at Vienna, it received at the Agricultural, Mechanical, and Horticultural Associaiton, at Indianapolis, Indiana, of 1870, the gold medal and at the State Agricultural Society of Michigan, in the year 1871, *two diplomas*, a diploma at the American Institute, New York, and a diploma and medal at the Great Northern Ohio Fair, held in Cleveland in the same year; and at the fairs in 1872 it carried off seven first premiums at the Northern Michigan Agricultural and Mechantcal Society, and fourteen first premiums at the Ohio State Fair, for the best sewing machines and for various qualities and classes of work done on the machine, together with a silver medal and diploma at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, for the best work done on sewing machines. A gold medal, two large silver medals, a bronze medal, and silver cup, were awarded to the Wilson machine and work done by it, over nineteen competitors, at the Louisiana State Fair, held at New Orleans in the Spring of 1873; and similar honors in Missouri and other states are among its trophies.

An agent of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company will, in a few days, sail from San Francisco for Chili in South America, where he will open a Branch House and exhibit the world renowned Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine at the grand exposition to be held at Santiago under the auspices of that government. By this step the Wilson Sewing Machine Company will complete the circuit of the globe. They have already immense agencies in China, Japan, British Indies, England, France and other parts of South America. Supreme in its superiority over all other sewing machines, the Wilson goes on widening its field year after year, carrying the blessings of a cheap capable and perfect sewing machine to the remotest haunts of civilization.

Superior merit and capabilities, cheapness in price, and ease of operation, have placed the Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine far in advance of all other machines in the market. The public shows its approval of all that it is and does by purchasing the machines as fast as the Company can possibly manufacture them. There is no test of a sewing machine ever yet inaugurated but what has been used on the Wilson, and in every case it has come off ahead of every other machine in use. No pains or expense is spared in the material used in it, or the workmanship of its construction, to make the Wilson every way the best, most pleasant, and most durable sewing machine in existence.

Machines with all attachments free, will be delivered at any *home* in Western N. C., for 50 to 55 dollars *cash*, through the company's Branch Office at Salem, N. C.

Special contracts made with clubs of three or more.

A. M. JONES, Salem, N. C.
Agent for Western N. C.
WORKING AGENTS WANTED.

MARCH 7th, 1876.

HODGIN, HINSHAW & CO.

WINSTON, N. C.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

General Merchandise, Agricultural Implements,

Fertilizers, and Agents for the Watt Plows.

Honest and Fair Dealing our motto.

We buy our Goods for Cash only, and sell for a very small profit. Our stock is kept complete by replenishment all the year, and embraces everything usually kept in a first class store We offer for sale, at reduced prices, the old and established standard fertilzers.

Whann's Raw Bone Super Phosphate, $50 ton. Soluble Pacific Guano, $50 ton.
W. & C. Phosphate of Lime, $50 ton. Zell's Tobacco Fertilizer, $50 ton.

Heavy Groceries, Iron, Leather and Nails made a specialty. We invite all to examine our stock and prices.

Poetry.

Which Shall it Be?

[A rich man who had no children proposed to his poor neighbor, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their children comfortable for life.]

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John, John looked at me,
And when I found that I must speak
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I, listening, bent my head—
This is the letter.

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.
I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band;
First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lilian, the baby slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair,
I saw on James' rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace,
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be snared? Nay. He who gave,
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love,
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a willful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no!
I cannot, will not, let him go."
And so wrote in a courteous way.
We could not give one child away;
And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed.
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

Humorous.

Courtship Among the Mormons.

On Saturday, a Mormon by the name of Fulmer, who has been chosen among the faithful to go on a mission to Arizona, called upon Brigham Young, when the following dialogue took place:

Married? queried the prophet.

Not any, said Fulmer, over whose brow 40 odd years had left their imprint.

Must marry, brother Fulmer, before you go to Arizona to build up the kingdom.

Do not know anybody who will have me, was the reply.

I will find some one. Do you know brother Brown in the Seventeenth ward? Well he has several daughters; you go to brother Brown's and tell him I want you to marry one of his daughters.

Fulmer left and obeyed counsel to the letter. Knocking at the door he was admitted by brother Brown, who upon learning what was wanted, called in his several daughters to be selected from. Fulmer taking his choice, Brown told the girl to get ready in fifteen minutes. I will do as you say, dad, was her meek reply, as she walked out.

That is the way I raise my daughters; if they disobey there is war in the camp.

The wedding festivities take place to night. —*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Fred, said a young man, walking up State street in Chicago the other day, after listening to his wonderful story, "do you know why you are like a harp struck by lightning? No, says Fred, I give it up. Because a harp struck by lightning is a blasted lyre.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! cried a celebrated tragedian.

Wouldn't a jackass do as well? inquired an affected young man rising in his seat.

Yes, triumphantly exclaimed the actor, just step this way, sir. The young man sat down.

Three months ago the Montana papers would have stated that a horse dealer had been invited to a hempen necktie sociable; now they say that the citizens have put a pull-back cravat on him.

When a young man calls on a girl for the first time, and when the conversation lags, and the subject of the weather has been torn all to pieces, then it is that the photograph album steps in and fills up the gap that nothing else in the world could bridge.

BARGAINS!

Boots, Shoes and Hats AT COST!!

Purposing to close out our Stock entirely, we offer it, at retail, at cost.

Persons desirous of **GOOD GOODS** at **LOW PRICES,** will do well to call early.

S. H. & S. A. EVERETT.

Salem Feb. 9th, 1876.

JOB PRINTING.

We call the attention of all classes who wish printing executed neatly, expeditiously, and upon reasonable terms, to the facilities offered at the People's Press Printing Establishment We can furnish, at short notice,

BLANKS, BILL-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS, CARDS
PROGRAMMES, HANDBILLS,
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES
POSTERS, NOTES, CHECKS,
DRAFTS&c., &c,

Drawn from Life.

BY CHARLES DICKENS,

WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY "PHIZ."

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

12mo. Cloth. Price $1 50.

E. J. HALE & SON, Publishers, New York

For saleat the.....BOOKSTORE.

NEW NOVELS, PICTURES, BOOKS,

AT THE BOOKSTORE.

FRESH Garden Seeds

AT ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE.

☞ No old stock on hand. All fresh and reliable.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta Maine.

A FARM OF YOUR OWN
— IS —
THE BEST REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES!

FREE HOMESTEADS
— AND THE —
Best and Cheapest Railrod Land
ARE ON THE LINE OF THE
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,!!
IN NEBRASKA.

SECURE A HOME NOW. Full information sent FREE to all parts of the world. Address O. F. DAVIS, Land Commissioner U. P. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Terms and outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland Maine.

WANTED AGENTS for the best selling Stationary Packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 Envelopes, golden Pen, Penholder, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package, with pair of elegant Gold Stone Sleeve Buttons, post paid, 25 cts., 5 for $1.00. This package has been examined by the publisher of the People's Press and found as represented—worth the money. Watches given away to all agents. Circulars free. BRIDE & CO., 765 Broadway, New York.

FITS & EPILEPSY
POSITIVELY CURED.
The worst cases of the longest standing, by using
Dr. HEBBARD'S CURE,
IT HAS CURED THOUSANDS,
and will give $1,000 for a case it will not benefit. A bottle sent free to all addressing J. E. DIBBLE, Chemist. Office, 1355 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED! Medals and Diplomas Awarded for HOLMAN'S NEW PICTORIAL BIBLES. 1,800 Illustrations. Address for new circulars, A. J. HOLMAN & CO., 930 Arch Street, Phila.

AN AGENT is wanted in every county for Frank Leslie's Newspapers and Magazines, the oldest established Illustrated Periodicals in America. They are now first offered to canvassers, who will, if they secure an agency and exclusive territory, be enabled to introduce Seventeen First Class Illustrated Periodicals, suited to as many distinct tastes or wants, and, with the choice from Eight new and beautiful chromos, given free of cost to each annual subscriber, be enabled to secure one or more subscriptions in every family in their district. To skillful canvassers this will secure permanent employment, and the renewals each year will be a source of steady and assured revenue. Specimen papers and most liberal terms sent to all applicants who name the territory they desire to canvass. Address, Agency Department, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

NORTH CAROLINA
State Life Insurance Company.
RALEIGH, N. C.
Capital - - 200,000.

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Capt. James A. Graham.....Attorney at Law.
Maj. F. H. Cameron.....Late Supt. Agencies N. A. L. Ins. Co.
J. C. McRae.....N. C. House Representatives.
J. B. Batchelor.....Counsellor and Attorney at Law.
J. C. Blake.....Cashier Raleigh National Bank.
Col. Walter Clark.....Attorney at Law, Raleigh, N. C.
W. C. Upchurch.....Commission Merchant.
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Gen. Rufus Barringer, Charlotte, Attorney at Law.
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Feb. 17, 1876. 7 1y

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CONDENSED TIME TABLE.
In effect on and after Sunday December 19th, 1875.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.
Leave Charlotte,	4.45 A. M.
" Air-line Junction	6.25 "
" Salisbury,	8.20 "
" Greensboro,	10.58 "
" Danville,	1.34 P. M.
" Dundee,	1.49 "
" Burkville,	6.51 "
Arrive Richmond,	9.35 P.M.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	MAIL.
Leave Richmond,	1.38 A. M.
" Burkville,	9.00 "
" Dundee,	1.39 P. M.
" Danville,	1.43 "
" Greensboro,	4.28 "
" Salisbury,	6.54 "
" Air-line Junction,	8.52 "
Arrive Charlotte,	9.15 "

STATIONS.	GOING EAST. MAIL.	GOING WEST MAIL.
Leave Greensboro,	11.00 A. M.	Arrive 4.10P. M.
" Comp'y Shops,	.....	.....
Arrive Raleigh,	3.49 P. M.	" 11.05 "
" Goldsboro,	6.40 P. M.	Leave 8.20 P.M

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Leave Greensboro, 7.00 P. M.	Arrive 6.00 A. M
" Co. Shops, ...	Leave.....
Arrive Raleigh, 5.09 A. M.	Arrive 7.30 P. M.
" Goldsboro, 11.15 "	Leave 2.0 P. M.

NORTH-WESTERN N. C. R. W.—SALEM BRANCH

Leave Greensboro,	4.45, P. M.
Arrive at Salem,	6.45 P. M.
Leave Salem	8.15, A. M.
Arrive at Greensboro,	10 33 A. M

Passenger train leaving Raleigh at 11.05 A. M. connects at Greensboro with the Southern bound train; making the quickest time to all southern cities. Accommodation Trains leaving Raleigh at 7.30 P. M., connects with Northern bound Train at Greensboro for Richmond and all points east. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.

Accommodation Train leaving Greensboro at 7.06 P. M. connects at Goldsboro with Northern and Southern bound Trains on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad.

Lynchburg Accommodation leave Richmond daily at 9.00 A. M., arrive at Burkeville 12.36 P. M., leave Burkville 1.20 P. M., arrive Richmond 4.34 P. M.

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HAVING duty qualified as Public Administrator, with the will annexed, on the estate of ANNA M. BLUM, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward at once and make payment to me; and all those having claims against the said estate, are hereby notified to present them duly proven, within twelve months from this date, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

D. P. MAST, Public Administrator.
Salem, N. C., December 1st, 1875.

NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES put up in neat and fancy Boxes, with and without Initials. These Goods are very fine and selling fast. Come before the stock is broken.

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Slem, N. C., Septemer 18th 1875.

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Salem, N. C., July 29, 1875.

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Prompt attention will be given to legal business entrusted to me.

THOS. J. WILSON.
Winston, N. C., Feb. 1st, 1875.

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